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The Shape of Things

NO BETTER NEWS HAS COME FROM THE White House since the election than that the Administration is preparing to submit a comprehensive anti-inflation program to Congress. This will undoubtedly be of much the same character as the ten-point list presented by Mr. Truman to the previous session, but it will probably be somewhat broader and will have to take account of the situation which has developed since the former policy was outlined. Appropriately, the head of the planning group will be Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, which devised the previous program. But it will also include the chairman of the Federal Reserve System and the Secretaries of the Treasury, Labor, Agriculture, Commerce, and the Interior. This is fortunate, for two reasons. In the first place, an effective policy will have to take appropriate action on credit, taxation, wages, and farm prices, over which the administrative agencies have direct influence. In the second place, the Administration did not present to Congress a solid front on the ten anti-inflation points; some of the Cabinet members were lukewarm about this plan, and some did not even understand it, while the Federal Reserve Board went its own independent way. The government faces a delicate problem in curbing inflation without taking action drastic enough to bring on a slump. Price curves have been wavering, a downward tendency has already begun in food and other non-durable goods. There may be a break in dwelling construction, with material prices still going up while new units started are declining. On the other hand, the armament program, plus any arms lend-lease for Europe, will send new purchasing power flooding into the markets unless taxes are increased proportionately. And purchasing power may still be boosted enormously by the expansion of bank credit, unless effective restrictions are applied.

*

MME CHIANG'S DRAMATIC DESCENT UPON Washington is clearly an embarrassment to the Administration. A navy transport plane was put at her disposal "at her request," as the State Department carefully pointed out. Who invited her to come is not known, but it was not the American government. One can sympathize with Mme Chiang's desire to plead the Nationalist government's case in Washington; its very existence is threatened by the Communist advance, which obviously cannot be stopped unless continuing American military aid is poured into China. Undoubtedly, Mme Chiang can present a convincing picture of the chaos that will follow the collapse of her husband's regime. What she is not likely to describe is the degree to which the regime's own inefficiency, corruption, repressions, and reactionary policies have abetted the Communists in their successful offensive against it. Fortunately, it looks as if the President and the Secretary of State were inclined to be cautious on this particular front in the anti-Communist crusade. They know that American help would have to be enormous to be effective, and in the end would probably mean outright intervention on a vast scale. Other considerations aside, this can hardly be contemplated as long as we are backing the Greek government in an interminable civil war and attempting to salvage the economy of all Europe.

*

WALTER GIESEKING'S AMERICAN MANAGER coupled his announcement of the German pianist's coming concert tour in this country with a pamphlet defending Gieseking against charges of Nazi sympathies. This "evaluation of the facts" is technically correct, and *The Nation's* investigation points to the conclusion that Gieseking has never been anything but technically correct. He was never a member of the Nazi Party, but throughout the Hitler regime he was the top concert pianist, always tailoring his domestic programs to standards acceptable to the *Reichsmusikkammer*. Outside Germany—where from 1939 to 1945 he gave 196 concerts—he claimed to have exercised independence in selection. But after June 22, 1941, Russian music disappeared from his repertoire. All his concerts were under the auspices of the Propaganda Ministry, and he seems to have made efforts to insure the presence of Goebbels and other Nazi bigwigs in his audiences. At the same time, he kept as detached as possible from active politics. Like his three coeditors of the *Musikerzieher*, a privately owned trade journal for music teachers, he closed his letters with "Heil Hitler!" This conformity paid off well: Giseking's income soared from 84,500 marks in

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1935 to 144,000 marks in 1942. His acts can be rationalized, but they cannot be defended on any moral ground. Certainly, the American Intelligence officers who in 1945 recommended his blacklisting found his explanation unconvincing. However, with the general relaxation of denazification criteria in 1947, he was reinstated. Since then, he has performed in Paris and elsewhere in Europe and received tumultuous ovations. It is probable that the State Department will permit him to play here, for the dollars he will earn are an important German export item. The decision as to whether to attend his concerts must be an individual one. But no American should buy a ticket without at least knowing the whole of Gieseking's record of unquestioning expediency.

*

TWO EMINENTLY SENSIBLE RAPPORTEURS of the sporting scene, Bill Corum of the New York *Journal American* and Red Smith of the New York *Herald Tribune*, have pointed out that some of their colleagues went overboard in hailing the dramatic news from New Haven last week. Mr. Smith's own newspaper, by the way, gave the story four columns, including a picture, on the front page on Tuesday, and a sparkling editorial the next day. What's wonderful about it, Corum and Smith ask; this is America, isn't it? Accept the incident as a matter of course; anything else is an insult to the men involved. While it overlooks a good many of the facts of life, there is much to be said for this point of view, and some day it will come as natural to all of us as breathing. Meanwhile, chastened in advance by Messrs. Corum and Smith, we would only record for posterity that Levi Jackson, 22, the first Negro to play varsity football for Yale University and the son of a man who was a steward in the Yale Faculty Club for over thirty years, was unanimously elected captain of the 1949 Yale football team. [N. B. Two days after the elevation of Jackson at Yale, Harvard named Frank Jones, also a Negro, as 1949 student manager of football. Again a matter of course—but pleasant to record.]

*

PROFESSOR WESLEY C. MITCHELL WAS THE acknowledged dean of American economists; he was honored for his scholarship, respected for his sensitive scientific conscience, and loved for his generous interest in anything that gave promise of enriching the quality of human life, both among his associates and through broad social movements. Unlike most famous economists, Wesley Mitchell did not leave any startling new theory or indeed any finished piece of work. Though he wrote extraordinarily well, his thinking was full of unanswered questions. What he did do, both in his teaching and as Director of Research and chief inspiration of the National Bureau of Economic Research, was to gain acceptance for the idea that although economics was not

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a science, it might be made so through painstaking accumulation and careful interpretation of the facts of economic behavior, so often ignored by the classical economic theorists. A quarter-century of effort, not by him alone but the staff of the National Bureau and of hundreds of other economists and statisticians devoted to the same methods, has begun to produce a rich harvest in new understanding of the national income, in the realistic appraisal of the business cycle, and in dozens of other fields of precise knowledge without which any attempt to control our economic order for humane purposes would be doomed to failure. This Saturday, a memorial meeting will be held in Wesley Mitchell's honor. We are glad to join his many admirers in paying homage to a man who will be remembered as the foremost exponent of scientific method in economics.

*

WE WERE, ADMITTEDLY, RATHER TARDY IN writing to the Superintendent of Documents for a copy of the "Hearings Before the Committee on Un-American Activities, Eightieth Congress, Second Session: Hearings Regarding Communist Espionage in the United States." All the same, we were a little startled when our request was returned last week, rubber-stamped: "Publication is permanently out of stock."

South American Setbacks

THE "middle way," which did so well in the United States on November 2, has experienced two disasters within a month in South America, defeated in both cases by force applied from the right. At the end of October, the mild regime of José Luis Bustamante, President of Peru, fell victim to a military junta, and a month later the same fate overtook the supposedly more solid regime of Romulo Gallegos, the first President of Venezuela to attain office by popular vote since that republic was established in 1830.

While the political structures of the two countries differed somewhat, the rightist coups followed a remarkably similar pattern. Bustamante had been elected in June, 1945, by the Democratic National Front, a coalition of liberals and leftists, which at the time also enjoyed the support of Peru's largest party, the Popular Revolutionary Alliance of America, generally known as Apra. Now in exile, Bustamante complains that he has attempted to bridge the gap between right and left. But the record would seem to indicate that his technique was a combination of placating the conservatives, who had always opposed him, and hounding the Apra, which eventually soured on him. An abortive right-wing revolt which broke out in the army in June was treated as a routine matter, but when navy units rebelled at Callao early in October, the blame, on scanty evidence, was fixed on the Apristas, who were thereafter treated with a heavy hand. Although they had long been fiercely opposed to the Communists, who fully reciprocated the feeling, Bustamante is said to have coupled the two groups, insisting that whatever their local enmity, their over-all aims were the same. Nevertheless, his action in outlawing the Apra, which stands primarily for land reform and economic freedom for the Indians, was not enough to satisfy the right. To the small but all-powerful clique of land-owners, descendants of the Conquistadors, the President seemed too lenient toward the Apristas, who were allegedly "conspiring to instal a totalitarian regime." The threat of chaos from the left was the time-worn pretext on which chaos from the right rode to power.

In Venezuela, the reversal was even more poignant. Only ten months ago, observers at the inauguration of Sr. Gallegos thought they were witnessing "the birth of a lusty new democracy," as one of them described the scene. The land that had been ruled for twenty-seven years by Dictator Gomez was ushering into office its first non-military man—a scholar and one of the foremost novelists of the Spanish-speaking world. Against him, on the right, were the militarists, landowners, and the party of the Catholic church, and, on the left, the Communists, who shouted slogans and insults at the inaugural ceremonies. For him was *Accion Democratica*—and some 800,000 out of 1,000,000 voters.

Universal suffrage, direct elections, extensive public works, a broad education program, and a new freedom for labor—all these were part of the Gallegos program, as they were of the Betancourt regime which immediately preceded. They proved too much for the tories and for their generals, who so often in Latin America enjoy the last word. At first, according to reports, the army sought merely to have the Cabinet reconstituted, with four posts for the Conservative opposition and one—talk of "unholy alliances"!—for the Communists. But when Gallegos indicated a willingness to concede, his fate was sealed. Lieutenant Colonel Chalbaud, who succeeded him by force of arms, decided that the situation was too "critical" to be allowed to continue.

New elections will be held "as soon as possible." But in the meantime, the party of Democratic Action, its leaders now under arrest, may find itself somewhat at a disadvantage. The new president of the military junta has been quick to announce, however, that no action will be taken against the Communist Party. Once again, a mild and vacillating middle is crushed between extremes of right and left.

Publication has been postponed of the articles by G. L. Arnold and George La Piana previously announced for this issue.

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Undercutting Truman's Orders

BY LILLIE SHULTZ

Paris, November 27

THE final drive has begun in the Anglo-American campaign to impose, under the guise of negotiation, a settlement detrimental to Israel. While giving lip-service to the Democratic Party's platform, the American delegation, in collaboration with the British and with assistance from Denmark and the Dominican Republic, is making every effort to establish a basis upon which some version of the Bernadotte plan may be adopted as a solution of the Palestine question. A month ago the American delegation was acting contrary to a Presidential directive; now it prefaces every proposal with a statement that it is made "on instructions." There seems little doubt that it is. Apparently the White House, misled by language that approximates the Presidential directive, has failed to recognize maneuvers aimed at securing a decision favoring the aggressor Arab states.

During the past week the Political Committee has received seven resolutions and amendments. The first, submitted by the United Kingdom, is completely pro-Arab and for the Bernadotte plan. Instead of introducing their own resolution, the Americans accepted the basic premises of the British position and merely proposed amendments. They did, it is true, avoid outright indorsement of the Bernadotte report but got around that by declaring the report and the November 29 resolution equal bases for a final settlement to be made by a conciliation commission. The Americans agree with the British that Arab Palestine should be joined to Transjordan and that Arab refugees should be returned to their homes or compensated for their losses by the Israelis. (No compensation by the Arabs is suggested for losses the Israelis have suffered in a war started by the Arab states.) The Americans favor an Anglo-French proposal for the demilitarization of Jerusalem. Since there are few Arab troops in Jerusalem, the effect of the proposal would be to destroy Israeli control of the city while permitting the Arab armies to retain their present positions just outside.

There is little likelihood that the Assembly will support a move to deprive Israel of the whole Negev. Knowing this, the British have set up their extreme views as clay pigeons to be knocked off when the voting begins. What they are aiming at is the adoption of their resolution with the American amendments. Once that is passed, the way is open for a settlement which would deprive Israel of part of the Negev and penalize it in other ways. For under the American proposal it will be easy to transform a conciliation commission having only advisory powers into an executive agency with power to impose decisions. The Americans have provided for this very astutely by making the conciliation commission subject to the instructions of the Security Council, as well as of the Assembly, and investing it with the functions of the Truce Commission and Mediator. Exactly this happened, as we have all seen, in the case of the Bernadotte mission.

The Americans think they have a very strong weapon to use against Israel. They know how much store the Israelis set upon being admitted to the U. N. this year. If Israel's application is put to a vote, the United States will certainly vote favorably, but there are many ways in which the delegation could prevent the application from reaching the voting stage should the Jewish state prove recalcitrant. Nowhere in the American amendments is the admission of Israel proposed, although even Dr. Bunche has supported the idea. Nowhere do the amendments say Israel's frontiers should not be changed without its consent; this, the delegates insist, is implicit in the idea of negotiations. Challenged as to why they have submitted no independent resolution, they say, first, that the differences between the British and Americans are more apparent than real; second, that it is much better to conciliate the British than to leave them to their own devices.

THE Anglo-American alliance is by no means certain of winning. It suffered a real defeat when British plans to bring about a vote on the resolution by today were checkmated by an opposing group under the leadership of Australia and including other dominions, members of the Slav bloc, and some Latin American countries. Australia led off the opposition to the United Kingdom on Tuesday when it introduced its excellent resolution, which in the opinion of disinterested observers is only an expression of the intent of the Democratic Party's platform and of President Truman's pledges. It was the Soviet bloc, not the Americans, which put forward the idea that all foreign armies should be required to leave Palestine as a preliminary to peace. Australia, together with Poland and Guatemala, has proposed the creation of a working subcommittee to coordinate all the resolutions submitted. Lester Pearson of Canada, torn between his own good sense and a desire not to antagonize the British and Americans, has also stated that a subcommittee would be necessary. If this effort succeeds,

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the Anglo-Americans will be defeated in their attempt to have the British resolution with the American amendments put to a vote first, thus throwing into the discard all the other resolutions.

The next few days will show the results of American and British efforts. As usual the key to the outcome is held by Mr. Truman. It remains to be seen whether the President has yet become master of his own State Department. One of the tests will be the American attitude toward Israel's admission to the U. N. This will show whether the White House really intends to end American collaboration in Britain's Palestine policy.

POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Pay-off or Second New Deal?

IT IS probably no secret that among those liberals who threw their hats into the air on the morning of November 3 some are already betraying signs of nervousness. They want action, and there is no action. They want heads to roll, and the heads they have in mind, complete with smiles, remain firmly attached to their respective torsos. They want assurances that a Second New Deal is just around the corner, and instead they have only their own hopes and doubts. These are the people who belong to what might be called the Hundred Days, or Ulcer, school. They argue, with some plausibility, that unless Mr. Truman follows the Roosevelt pattern of rushing his program through in the first three months, the impact of victory will be wasted. Congress, they think, might give him all he asks if he strikes out boldly and quickly but will let him down hard if through vacillation or indecision he should give the impression that his own leftish passions have cooled.

Opposed to this unhappy school of thought are those more relaxed individuals who do not expect Truman to behave like Roosevelt, for the good reason that he is a totally different kind of person. They see no reason to doubt that he will make good his promises, in his own way and with his own ideas of timing. In this circle—and it includes people high in the labor movement—the word is circulated that the President laid down the law to his Cabinet even before he went to Key West, making it plain that he expected every member to back him to the limit on all the commitments he had made.

As for Cabinet changes, adherents of the take-it-easy school look for a gradual sloughing off of the undesirables. It might be noted in passing that liberals who urge the dropping of officials on the ground of political disloyalty are taking a dangerous tack. After all, if a Forrestal is to be fired for having been less than lukewarm about the President's election, it would be only logical to replace him with a Louis Johnson, who gathered campaign funds when the gathering was hard. Yet no liberal would regard the change as a net gain, any more than he would consider a faithful Wallgren an improvement over a questionably loyal Krug. Policy must be the only criterion, and here it may well be that the President intends simply to override his subordinates—to put through his policy on Israel, for example, in spite of Mr. Lovett, allowing that gentleman to stay on as the price of Secretary of State Marshall's continued services. In the same way the promised economic policy would be developed over the heads of the Snyders and Sawyers, with some of their policy-making functions transferred to Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, of the Council of Economic Advisers, much in the fashion that Roosevelt drained off the powers of subordinates he didn't quite trust but couldn't quite bring himself to fire.

The dangers of this technique are too obvious to require detailed analysis, but while concern for the fate of the Second New Deal is rightly centered on Blair House, a good share of it might be spared for Capitol Hill, where props are being readied for the debut of the Eighty-first Congress. If the President is to get all he wants from that body, some formidable obstacles, both procedural and personal, will have to be removed. In the choice of Scott Lucas, of Illinois, as majority leader of the Senate—now accepted as inevitable—a preliminary skirmish has been lost. The C. I. O. waged a brief undercover campaign against him, much preferring either McMahon or McGrath to the man who had bitterly fought Hubert Humphrey over the civil-rights plank at Philadelphia and who more recently had urged a rapprochement with General Franco. Lucas is not expected to buck the President's program, however, and in any case the designation of Senator Myers of Pennsylvania as party whip is regarded by liberals as compensation.

Much more important than the majority leadership will be the outcome of three organizational struggles, to wit:

1. *Committee Assignments.* The key man in this fight, so far as the House is concerned, is Sam Rayburn, slated to resume his old post as Speaker. Committee memberships on the Democratic side of the aisle are distributed by that party's members of the Ways and Means Committee, which for this purpose serves as the counterpart of the Republicans' Committee on Committees. There are nine holdover Democrats in this group, and it devolves on Rayburn to pick an additional six members. Obviously his choice will go far to determine the effectiveness of the Congress. It is this party committee that will, for example, decide the fate of the Dixiecrats. While no one expects the state's-rights champions to be read out of the party, it is still possible to discipline the most active of them. If Rayburn is looking for a precedent on which to

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drop Eugene Cox from the powerful Rules Committee, he has only to follow the lead of the Republicans of the Sixty-ninth Congress, who ousted from key committees those who had bolted the party for La Follette in 1924. Presumably the fate of Cox, who stumped for Thurmond, would also be the fate of Glen Taylor, who shared top billing with Wallace.

2. *The Rules Committee.* Theoretically this group is supposed to be no more than a regulator of legislative traffic, deciding the order in which bills approved by other committees shall come to the floor and under what conditions of debate. In fact, it has become an intolerably autocratic entity, holding itself above the House and arbitrarily pigeonholing measures to which its majority happens to take exception. While the Rules Committee will be presided over by Adolph Sabath, a thoroughgoing New Dealer, it can hardly be overlooked that Mr. Sabath is eighty-two and cannot be relied upon to be on hand at all times. Next in line are Cox and, just as bad, Howard W. Smith, of Virginia. Unless the grip of this committee is broken on the opening day of the session, when the rules of the House are adopted by majority vote, it will be almost impossible to do the job, since any subsequent proposals for change would have to be routed, like all other legislation, through the Rules Committee itself.

3. *The Filibuster.* Under present rules the Senate may choke off debate on a bill or amendment by a two-thirds vote, but no limit may be imposed in debating a motion to take up a bill. This is the last hope of the Dixiecrats for scuttling the President's civil-rights program and saving white womanhood. Here, too, the President's champions on the Hill will press for changes at the very start of the session if they mean business.

Even if the worst occurs, and all three of these battles are lost through neglect or indifference, Mr. Truman can keep most of his pledges—but they will be in the nature of a quick political pay-off rather than the grand launching of a Second New Deal.

The C. I. O. Convention

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Oregon, November 26

ELECTION DAY set the mood for the tenth national convention of the C. I. O. Although jubilation over the Democratic victory pervaded the atmosphere of the convention, it was awareness of Wallace's pigmy strength at the ballot box which brought about the sharpest rebuke in C. I. O. history to the organization's Communist-line minority.

The showdown came on three resolutions. One indorsed the Marshall Plan; another rejected formation of a third political party at this time; the third assailed certain unnamed C. I. O. unions for failing to organize the workers in their industries. All three resolutions were adopted overwhelmingly.

The greatest departure from C. I. O. custom was the active, almost passionate part which Philip Murray played in the passage of the key resolutions. In the past Murray's role has always been to urge a policy of appeasement toward the left-wing unions. He has always preferred labor unity to a breach with the party-liners. But according to Murray's aides, as the yellow streamliner clicked away the miles on the Oregon Short Line, the C. I. O. president emphasized many times the dismal showing made at the polls by Wallace and the Progressives.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, an old and valued contributor to The Nation, *has just been elected to the Oregon Senate.*

Aboard the train Murray also dwelt on the fact that Wallace, despite his political feebleness, took nearly enough votes in key industrial states to throw the election into the House of Representatives and thus thwart the will of the majority. On the wet morning when the train rumbled into Portland, Murray was ready to throw down the gauntlet to those whose presence he had tolerated in the C. I. O. for a decade without visible protest.

Murray pulled no punches at this convention. Whenever one of the strategic resolutions was under attack from the left, he put down his myrtlewood gavel and condemned the delegates "who denounced our President Roosevelt as a Wall Street warmonger prior to June, 1941." He also cited book, chapter, and verse on the political undertakings of Henry Wallace, calling attention to Wallace's criticism of a third party only a short time before he bolted the Democrats.

In some C. I. O. circles the abrupt attack by Murray upon the extreme left was accepted as a signal for releasing the safety valve on a volcano. Speaking of the indorsement of the Marshall Plan, Van A. Bittner exulted, "There is no pussyfooting in this resolution; there are no weasel words in this resolution." This may have referred to previous C. I. O. expressions on foreign policy, which, in the interest of harmony, were somewhat less than forthright.

There were indications that the left wing was caught off balance by all this. The convention gasped in astonishment when Albert J. Fitzgerald of the United Electri-

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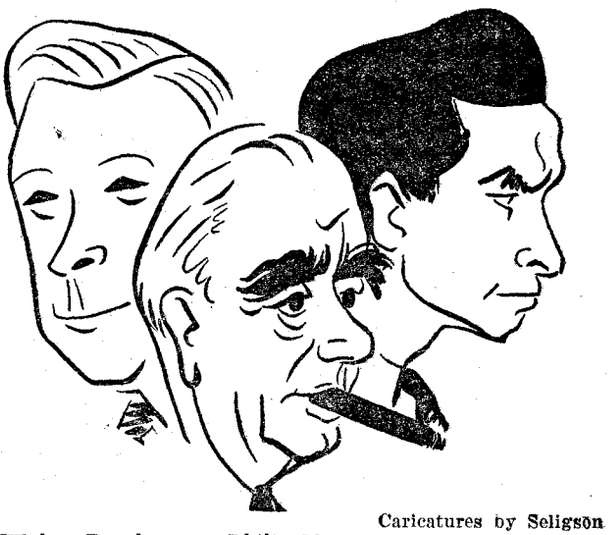
cal Workers shouted defiantly: "You can't smear us with the red brush. I don't give a damn about Russia, and I think that Vishinsky and Molotov are warmongering." Observers could not decide, even by the time the convention adjourned, whether this kind of talk from the chairman of Henry Wallace's labor committee was a maneuver to take off the heat or whether it presaged the same sort of split between Fitzgerald and the Communists that occurred in the case of Quill of the Transport Workers and Curran of the maritime unions. Fitzgerald unquestionably aroused the angriest floor demonstration when he accused some delegates of anti-Semitic jeers at Jews who argued in behalf of the left-wing minority.

BUT in spite of the verbal fusillades, the convention was characterized by a self-assurance which perhaps reflects labor's increasingly important role in American political life.

Next to the ovation which greeted Murray's nomination and election, the most sustained applause of the meeting came at the end of an address by Justice William O. Douglas. Douglas, because of his position, could not say what labor wanted to hear with respect to price controls or the Taft-Hartley law. But he asserted that American trade unions had come to maturity and occupied the middle ground between right and left. More significantly, he warned labor not to become committed to any "political clique." After the speech some of his Oregon fishing companions said Douglas now was willing to leave the Supreme Court and become Mr. Truman's Secretary of State.

The convention as a whole left no doubt that it expects President Truman to fulfil the pledges he made during the campaign. At an A. D. A. dinner Murray said the C. I. O. stood for "the Democratic platform and the speeches delivered recently by the President of the United States." Control of inflation, revival of an excess-profits tax, repeal of Taft-Hartley, extension of social security, restoration of the powers and prestige of the Labor Department, application of the TVA idea to the Missouri and Columbia Valleys, admission of displaced persons, full recognition of Israel—these things were approved by the convention almost perfunctorily. Delegates mumbled impatiently when speakers indorsed such resolutions. The mood seemed to be that the speakers were laboring the obvious.

One of the convention jokes was that the Executive Board, before the elections, picked the "remote" Northwest for the annual meeting because it had wanted the C. I. O. to convene as inconspicuously as possible after the Dewey triumph. Despite the startling results of November 2, the delegates were confident but definitely not hilarious. Indeed, some declared the election had given labor many new responsibilities. More than one delegate ventured the gnawing worry that "the good Lord better



Caricatures by Seligson

Walter Reuther *Philip Murray* *James A. Carey*

help both labor and the Democratic Party if Truman kicks away this one."

Although Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin was greeted enthusiastically, numerous delegates expressed a complete lack of confidence in the occupants of a good many other Administration posts. The C. I. O. left no doubt that it would rely on such bright new Congressional luminaries as Douglas of Illinois, Humphrey of Minnesota, and Bolling of Missouri to force redemption of the Democratic Party's pledges. Delegates applauded spontaneously when Walter White of the N. A. A. C. P. referred to the "election of liberal and decent Southerners like Estes Kefauver of Tennessee."

The Thomas committee got the condemnation it deserves for its attacks on civil liberties; at the same time, Ben Gold of the Fur Workers called together the press to complain that the attacks in the convention on the Communist minority were grist for John Rankin's mill. Gold's protest came immediately after the strongest attack that Philip Murray directed against the left wing, and stemmed directly from the resolution condemning unions that had failed in their organizing mission. The unions with left-wing leadership are particularly worried over the resolution, which authorizes the Executive Board to inquire into failures "to organize the unorganized." These unions fear the resolution may point the way to a purge. Murray let it be known that he was dissatisfied with the functioning of the Office and Professional Workers, the Public Workers, the American Communications Association, the Food and Tobacco Workers, and the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers.

"I'm not going to protect small cliques of men whose ideas are propagated by the *Daily Worker*," shouted the president of the C. I. O. "These cliques are maintaining small captive organizations and are not fulfilling the goal for which the union was established. Most of our time has been consumed by representatives of these little unions protesting against majority C. I. O. policy."

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Although the party-liners had their say, some protests rose from the floor over the fact that various presiding officers, particularly Walter Reuther and Emil Rieve, clocked the speeches of the minority much more severely than those of men who spoke for the right wing.

CONVENTION support for Murray's militancy against the left-wingers was never in doubt. His nomination for another term as president prompted a forty-four-minute demonstration. In his acceptance speech he promised, "Under no circumstances am I going to permit communistic infiltration into this great movement." Yet there was evidence that Murray sought to bring the party-liners to terms rather than to oust them from the C. I. O. He made several jabs at Harry Bridges, but the leader of the West Coast Longshoremen will continue on the Executive Board. Incidentally, even after the Pacific maritime strike was concluded, Bridges did not fly the 700 miles to attend the convention.

One of the main causes of muttering among the leftists was the fact that the convention took place in cloistered old Portland. Some of them murmured that Murray had deliberately chosen this community with no mass industry as the scene of his defiance of the left wing. For here there were no local party-liners to demonstrate in the galleries and plague delegates with leaflets.

Whatever the reason for bringing the C. I. O. convention to this city of fir trees on the shores of the Columbia River, it is obvious that the national officers should consider similar decisions in the future. Portland, a congenitally conservative city, never had so vast a gathering before, and the experience has been a liberal education for this community, which has not given a majority to a Democratic candidate for Senator since 1914. The traditionally Republican newspapers, the *Oregonian* and the *Journal*, published favorable comments on the dignified and respectable conduct of the delegates. Hotels and restaurants put Jim Crow policies in mothballs for a week and discovered that white patrons could eat elbow to elbow with colored C. I. O. members and still keep their body temperatures at 98.6°. The Archbishop of Portland urged the convention to work for public housing and the repeal of the Taft-Hartley act.

"Why take the C. I. O. to trade-union centers such as New York and Cleveland?" asked Stanley Earl, secretary of the Oregon Industrial Union Council, as the convention rolled up banners and packed documents. "That's carrying coals to Newcastle. Now that we have seen what an educational force our convention has been in conservative old Portland, we ought to see that it goes every year to some community where fresh breezes need to blow."

Israel at First Glance

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

II. Why Did the Arabs Run?

JAFFA and Tel Aviv were like hostile Siamese twins, joined in uneasy physical union by a slum area in which the mingled blood of both formed a poisonous, explosive compound. Murders, riots, and clashes between Arabs and Jews had happened at frequent intervals long before the real fighting began last spring. Then the bad feeling between the two cities exploded into open warfare, and on April 25 the Irgun moved into Jaffa with armored cars and mortars and took the Manshieh district that borders Tel Aviv. The British rather than the Arabs stopped them; but Haganah sent in reinforcements, and four days later the Jews had surrounded the city. Within another few days the Arabs had gone; only a couple of thousand out of an all-Arab population of more than 70,000 hung on. The largest Arab city of Palestine, headquarters of nationalist activity, chief center of Arab business and intellectual life, was silent and deserted.

I drove through Jaffa with a man from the Israel press office. The Manshieh district was pretty badly damaged, partly by fighting in the streets and partly by shell and mortar fire. I saw small shops open to the street, empty, their interiors wrecked. "There was a lot of looting, especially in this section," my companions said. "Who?" I asked. "Both. Our men too. There had been a lot of trouble here; the feeling was very bad. But this is disgusting, this sort of thing." He waved his arm at the damaged shop fronts. "What can you expect," I asked, "especially after what went before? This was a clash between people that hated each other. Suppose the Arabs had swept into Tel Aviv? You think only a few streets of deserted small shops would have been smashed and looted?" He didn't answer the last question. He said, "I expect Jewish soldiers to act like civilized human beings. They had captured the town; they should have protected it. They've done so in most places—protected both property and life." I was more impressed by his severity than I was shocked by the damage done by the soldiers. I was later told, not by him but by someone else, that a good part of the looting in Jaffa was the work of assorted Europeans fighting in the Arab ranks—Nazis, Chetniks from Yugoslavia, and Balkan Mos-

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lem soldiers—who lingered after the defeat long enough to do some profitable marauding.

Most of Jaffa was in good shape. The Arab masses, when they fled, took what little they could carry; the wealthy Arabs, who had left during the months before the real fighting began, often salvaged the greater part of their portable possessions. A good many of the undamaged houses in Jaffa and elsewhere are now being used for newly arrived Jews; so the Arab refugees unwittingly helped make a place for the Jewish refugees their leaders were so determined to keep out. This means hardship for individuals; collectively it is obviously fitting and just.

WHY did the Arabs run? Their mass flight from Tiberias, Haifa, Safed, Jerusalem, Jaffa, and from the villages in those areas, seemed to have little to do with the fighting itself. Anyhow, down the ages civilians have traditionally stuck to their homes and their land, through wars and alien occupations, surviving as best they could, waiting for the end of their troubles. Why should the Arabs have behaved differently, even those who had been on good terms with the Jews? Some blame it on the Mufti. Arabs told their Jewish neighbors that agents of the Mufti said they should go or they'd get their throats slit by the Israelis. Some professed not to believe this, but thought they'd better do as they were told. Other Arabs thought Jewish control would be temporary, a matter of weeks, and that their safest bet was to get out until the Arab forces came back; otherwise they might be regarded as collaborators and suffer at the hands of their own bosses. Others may have been merely defeatist, assuming Jewish victory and preferring to live under Arab rule: the sense of national boundaries is not strong in most of the Arab world. Another likely cause was the example of the wealthy Arabs. When the poor worker in the town or on the land saw his betters disappear with their belongings, he was likely to conclude that the same danger existed for him, too. A dozen reasons probably combined to create the vast epidemic of fear that drove some 500,000 Arabs out of Jewish Palestine into the already overcrowded ranks of homeless, penniless "displaced persons."

Should Israel take them back if they want to come? No one I talked to believed they should be readmitted—any of them—before the war ends. Aside from those who are hostile and potentially under the orders of Fawzi el Kaukji or the Mufti, they would be an intolerable burden on the new state's already staggering economy. Besides, the Jews feel no responsibility for their flight and, consequently, little obligation to help them return. After the war the question of the refugees can be discussed on its long-range merits.

On the same day that I visited Jaffa I heard Count Bernadotte express his views on this matter at a press conference in Tel Aviv. A reporter asked whether he had any specific recommendations to make on the question. He replied, yes, the same ones he had made long ago. All the refugees should be allowed to return—immediately. "How?" asked the reporter. "How would it be done? Their villages are mostly demolished, their jobs or businesses are gone, the fields the peasants worked in are deserted, the landlords moved to Beirut or Damascus or Cairo."

Certainly, it would be difficult, the Count said, but with whole families "living under olive trees" across the borders or in Arab Palestine, the refugees would do better to move back, even if their homes and their livings had been destroyed. "At whose expense should they move?" asked another reporter. "Who would support them when they got back? The Israeli government?" Count Bernadotte waved this aside as immaterial. "That cannot be dealt with until after peace is made," he said, and passed on to other questions, leaving this one ambiguously suspended in the air. The whole thing sounded vague and unconvincing.

Now the U. N. has voted funds for the relief of the Arab refugees—$29,500,000 to be made up of voluntary governmental contributions. This is a humane move which does not compromise the future solution of the problem. I believe, however, it should have been accompanied by a suggestion that rich Palestinian Arabs who went off with their money and fine rugs and European furniture, and the Arab states whose invasion of Palestine injected terror into the Arab masses should contribute a substantial share of the upkeep of the refugees. Their obligation is certainly greater than that of the Jews or of the other member nations of the U. N.

AS FOR the future, I can only speculate on the basis of what I heard. I met Israeli officials who believe that, when peace comes, the refugee Arabs should be readmitted after careful screening. I met others who look upon the Arab exodus as an unexpected and enormous favor conferred upon Israel by its enemies. The Arab problem had solved itself, they said, with the help of the Mufti; why should the Jews voluntarily revive it when, above all, they need land and houses for their own immigration and freedom from the endless vexations that arise from a big and unassimilable minority? "They fled. Let them settle somewhere else—in an Arab

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country. Evidently they don't want to stay in a Jewish state. Why should we be expected to take them back?"

One of the wisest men in Israel, a man whose life has been spent in intimate association with Arabs and who had always believed in the possibility of close and understanding relations with them, told me his views had been forcibly changed by their behavior. "We will not take them back," he said, "except perhaps in limited numbers. They have forfeited all claim on us. Those that stayed shall have every right of a citizen of Israel; those that went, none." He advocated an exchange of populations, Israel to take all the Jews now in the Arab states in return for the Arabs who had fled. He thought this might be negotiated as part of a peace agreement, especially if some financial compensation were included.

I asked him about the Arabs who had remained behind—perhaps 5,000 in Haifa, the whole Arab population of Nazareth, some 20,000, and scattered groups throughout the country, amounting, by Israeli estimates, to something less than 70,000, including "Christians and others." "You will see them," he said, "when you go to Nazareth. You can talk to their leaders. None has suffered any harm outside of what the fighting itself has done. In Haifa and Nazareth hundreds of Arabs are employed in the municipal services—they worked in the Haifa refineries, too, until lack of oil closed down the operations. Wherever Arabs are employed in Israel they have the same conditions as Jewish workers, and the same pay. Almost the first act of the Israeli government was a measure equalizing wages. This may not make the Arab rulers and political leaders more anxious to make peace, but as the word spreads in the Arab countries it will have an effect on the masses, who have been taught to believe the Jews want only to oppress if not to murder them." "It may also incline the refugees to come back to Israel," I suggested. "It may; yes," he said, but his expression as he said it indicated that it would not matter much what their inclinations were.

[*Next week Miss Kirchwey will tell about her visit to various fronts—Negba, Jerusalem, the Burma Road.*]

Are the Polls Finished?

BY STUART CHASE

WHILE the pollsters, pundits, and political wiseacres munch their boiled crow, the wayfaring citizen finds himself deeply perplexed, if not angry, at having been so alarmingly misled by the highest authorities on November 2. Gelett Burgess reflects this mood in a letter to the *Herald Tribune*. He says 1948 marks the "complete collapse of the oracular smugmasters who have pretended to test public opinion." He throws the "scientific" poll takers in the ashcan occupied by the *Literary Digest* after it had predicted a great landslide for Mr. Landon in 1936. Just for good measure he throws Dr. Kinsey in too.

Mr. Burgess reflects a very general view; a disillusion so deep that it engulfs all public-opinion research on the basis of this one spectacular failure. The failure is full and sufficient proof that the 1948 forecast was not scientific. Science by definition means the power to predict accurately. But is the situation as bad as Mr. Burgess believes? Is it serious enough to halt all polling of Presidential elections? Is it serious enough to discredit all public-opinion research?

STUART CHASE is a writer who always makes a valuable contribution to the discussion of questions of public interest. Among his many books are "Rich Land, Poor Land," "Idle Money, Idle Men," "Democracy Under Pressure," and "For This We Fought."

I am the more inclined to try to answer these questions because I have recently studied the whole subject of opinion polls, their strength and their weakness, as an application of social science, for my latest book, "The Proper Study of Mankind." If I overpraised the polls, not only should I share their present embarrassment, but I ought to reconsider some of my conclusions about the scientific techniques available to help solve problems of human relations.

In the course of my homework and fieldwork on this subject I attended the Williamstown conference of opinion analysts in 1947. There I went on record against Presidential polling—not I must admit because I thought it might come a cropper, but because it seemed a waste of time in scoring a horse race and might, furthermore, have a bad effect on the whole process of political democracy. I advised Messrs. Roper, Gallup, and Crossley in an open meeting to quit forecasting Presidents and concentrate on improving their questions and their techniques for testing opinion in more useful fields.

The gentlemen were interested but not convinced. They felt they had to do it, but not one of them really liked to do it. Mr. Gallup, indeed, complained of stomach ulcers every four years. So, God help them, they took the Presidential polls in 1948.

They also went right on doing other more useful things—things that the public does not hear so much about because they are less sensational but that give re-

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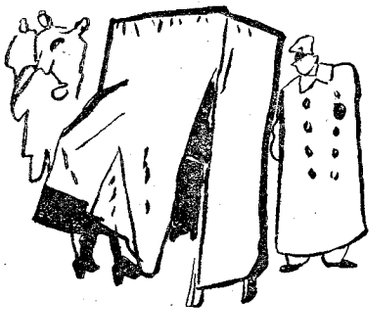
sults of great value to administrators, broadcasters, advertisers, managers, labor leaders, public officials. For example: the way people feel about the control of atomic energy, joining a world state, buying Victory bonds, the Marshall Plan, labor unions, public housing, social security, the effects of inflation on one's own pocket-book, the factory foreman, the body styles of automobiles, the extent of personal savings, health insurance, the favorite radio show, federal aid to education, outlawing the Communist Party, aid to China, and so on and so forth. Nearly any issue of *Fortune* will indicate many of the significant attitudes which public-opinion research can discover. Sometimes the pollsters can introduce intensity of feeling about the question, and always the answers are geared to a specific date. "This is the way Americans feel on April 17 about the United Nations. . . ."



The application of sampling theory to measuring public opinion is only about twelve years old. Roper and Gallup used it in the 1936 elections for the first time. The *Literary Digest* poll was not based on sampling theory but began with a biased sample of voters who had telephones or automobiles.

As a result of the 1948 election people may come to distrust this useful and generally dependable technique. It is important to understand the difference between predicting Presidents—or Governors or Congressmen—which involves some guessing about action on a future date, and measuring opinion on a given day, with questions sterilized of all emotion-stirring words. It is important to understand why the election forecasts, instead of being accurate to the fraction of 1 per cent as were Mr. Roper's in 1944, missed even the gross result; missed it by millions of votes.

WHAT *did* go wrong? There is a series of steps in taking a nation-wide poll which have now been standardized by the professionals. It takes a large organization, with hundreds of carefully trained interviewers, to carry them out. If we study these steps we may discover which one was off.

First, the question to be asked must be expertly phrased. In this case, to follow one of the polls reported on September 9: "If the election were being held today, which candidate do you think you'd vote for?" Note that word "today."

Then a "sample" must be selected to represent all American voters who are expected to go to the polls on Election Day—so many factory workers, so many farmers, white-collar workers, housewives, business men, and so on. This is the most technical part of the procedure and is based on scientific "sampling theory," whereby a few items, carefully selected, can represent all items in the "universe," within known margins of error. Thus about 5,000 voters can represent 60,000,000 if they are picked to correspond to the main classes in the 60,000,000.

Sampling theory has been in use for many generations and has worked accurately in countless cases other than political elections. It is one of the most valuable techniques in both natural and social science. The vital question always is: Does the sample correctly represent the total collection? Needless to say, sampling a warehouse full of marbles is easier than sampling a country full of people.

Next, the interviewers are sent into the field, armed with the question and prepared to ask it of the sample groups—of factory workers, housewives, and so on. In this case the question was clean-cut, and we can anticipate very little trouble, though we cannot tell anything about the *intensity* of feeling for the candidates.

Then the interviewers' notes are collected from all over the country and run through tabulating machines—usually via Hollerith punch cards. This guarantees great accuracy in counting.

Finally, the top experts take the totals as produced by the machines and draw conclusions. What do the figures mean? The conclusions are then made public.

As I see it, the trouble on the pollsters' Black Tuesday was concentrated in the last step. They made predictions beyond what the figures warranted. If they had just reported the machine totals, their troubles would have been less. If they had *warned* that while the totals showed Dewey in the lead in August, September, or even October, it did not follow that he would be elected in November, they would have been pretty well covered. Scientifically, that is all they were warranted in saying.

The figures from the machines did not tell who would have won had the election been held that day in August or September, and had all the groups gone to the polls in the same relative proportions. They showed, to pick Mr. Roper's famous release of September 9:

	Per cent
Dewey	44.2
Truman	31.4
Thurmond	4.4
Wallace	3.6
Others	1.0
Don't know	15.4
Total	100.0

If all the don't-knows in the table had decided to vote for Truman when they actually got in the booth,

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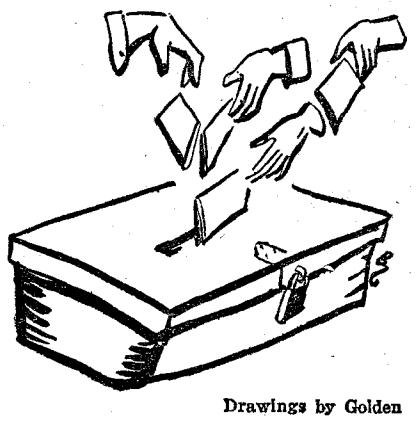
and everything else had remained the same, he would have beaten Dewey 46.8 to 44.2. If a lot of the Dewey voters had stayed at home, or gone hunting, the result would shift again.

The machine totals on September 9 may have been accurate within the margins allowed by sampling theory. I rather think they were. Where the pollsters made their great mistake was to take off from that relatively firm ground and to *guess* what would happen some months or weeks later. They guessed that people would not change their minds much if a candidate had already been picked. They were wrong. Apparently millions changed their minds, many at the last minute.



Drawings by Golden

They guessed that those who said they were going to vote, would vote. They were wrong. Apparently millions stayed at home who were not expected to. The expected turnout was 52,000,000, but fewer than 48,000,000 marked their ballots on Election Day, the smallest total vote since 1932.

The pollsters guessed that the don't-know vote would break down on Election Day in about the same proportions as shown on the earlier samples, that is, in the case shown above Dewey would get the bulk of it. They were wrong again. The majority of the don't-knows apparently landed in the Truman camp.

In their conclusion, then, some pollsters neglected the time element—there was time for people to change their minds; all of them neglected the size of the stay-home element and miscalculated the don't-know block. Thus the sample shown by the calculating machines, while quite possibly *correct for that day*, was very far indeed from a proper sample of the "universe" on November 2. The science of polling stopped with the machines. From then on it was hazardous guesswork.

Why did the public-opinion experts take such a chance? There is an excellent reason, and you and I in their places would probably have done the same. In the elections of 1936, 1940, and 1944 the samples held firm through many rechecks and the election itself. The don't-knows broke down as expected. Thus the pollsters had a pretty solid chunk of past experience to go on. Having been right three times running, they were ready to take a chance.

It is now clear that the election of 1948 was a very different kettle of fish from those earlier three, where Mr. Roosevelt was the chief candidate. Most of us, including the pollsters, did not realize how many new angles and variables had come into the picture. We thought the past would furnish a good guide to the future.

HERE is a list of some of the new variables. More will probably come to light as the analysis proceeds. All the pollsters are looking for variables behind every bush. Mr. Roper has wisely asked the Social Science Research Council to aid in the search.

The disintegration of the Wallace party starting in the early fall threw many voters to Truman. They changed their minds faster than the polls could keep up with them.

The disintegration of the Dixiecrats did the same. Roper's poll on September 9 showed nearly 5,000,000 votes for Wallace and Thurmond combined. On November 2 only about 2,000,000 actually voted for them.

The President's crusade against the Eightieth Congress obviously got through to the voters, judging by the way they slaughtered the unhappy Congressmen. When Joe Doakes pulled the lever against that Congressman, he pulled the Truman lever at the same time, thus reversing the usual "coattail" vote. Here is a strange new variable.

Labor organizations apparently did some hard, effective, and quiet campaigning against the Taft-Hartley act in September and October.

Corn farmers in the Midwest, according to Mark Sullivan, were aroused against Republican John Taber for killing the appropriation to build local granaries. As a result, many had to sell their corn below parity, for they had no place to store it. Truman made the most of this in his talks to farmers.

The stay-homes seem to have been mostly Republicans, and quite possibly because they thought the election was in the bag. If this is true, it constitutes a devastating count against Presidential polls.

We come finally to what may prove the most significant and interesting variable of all, the candidates! In 1936, 1940, and 1944 a strong man was running—Franklin D. Roosevelt. People were not half-hearted about him; they were for him or against him, with emotion, even violence. Their minds were made up; indeed, one might guess—note the term—that most American minds were made up about Roosevelt for twelve years, covering three elections. But we were half-hearted; indeed we had difficulty making up our minds about two more neutral candidates in 1948. The pointer may have swayed and shifted and finally come over on the Truman side as the more human candidate—at the very last minute.

This hypothesis could explain why the pollsters' samples held firm for predictions in 1936, 1940, and 1944, and went all to pieces in 1948—there was no strong man running for people to be emphatic about. A neigh-

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bor of ours expressed this the day after election. She is a life-long Republican in our little Connecticut town, and she said, "Why don't they give us somebody we can really vote for instead of those Landons and Deweys?"

WHAT can we conclude from all this—those of us who want to be objective rather than emotional? We might list the results as follows:

First, the machine totals on the dates taken probably gave reliable results within the allowed margins of error—about 4 per cent. People on that day would have voted the way they said they would, if at all, but it must be remembered that a large percentage said, "Don't know." Even in October, 7 or 8 per cent reported, "Don't know."

Second, the pollsters used these machine totals to make unwarranted predictions about voters' actions on November 2.

Third, experience in past elections gave them a pretty good excuse for this guessing, but sampling theory gave them none. A strong man was running in the three past elections.

Fourth, the new conditions and variables which appeared in 1948 might be repeated at any time. The "scientific" polling of Presidential elections, accordingly, may prove a quite impossible objective. It may be beyond the competence of the art.

Fifth, even if improved techniques could guarantee accuracy, it is doubtful that such polls are healthy in a democracy. They appeal mainly to curiosity and the horse-race instinct. I for one would be glad to see them utterly abandoned. I do not believe it is necessary for Congress to pass a law. Let the American Association for Public Opinion Research make the ban part of its ethical code.

Sixth, although this stupendous misadventure may doom polling for political candidates at all levels, it does not doom public-opinion research. Sampling theory stands firm, as its application in many other fields, such as census figures, growth rates, inventory taking, bears witness. No one is going to count all the potatoes in the lot, or all the stars in the sky, if they can be estimated at a tiny fraction of the cost by sampling.

But the application of this perfectly sound theory to the measurement of public opinion, public attitudes, wants, likes and dislikes, needs far more research, more controlled experiments, and a lot more careful thought. There is a tool here of great value. It was used with astonishing success in the army, under the direction of Dr. Samuel A. Stouffer, and did much to help win the war. To throw this tool away because of public misunderstanding of its limitations would be a tragedy. It would be like abandoning sulfa drugs because a few people had suffered seriously from their misuse.

Yugoslavia: Neither East Nor West

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

II. The Five-Year Plan Forever?

Belgrade, November

OF ALL the countries of Europe Yugoslavia is in the most critical economic situation, and if its difficulties are allowed to continue, they may bring the regime toppling down. The nationalization of every shop in the country has dislocated distribution to a disastrous extent. At the same time the peasants have been discouraged from selling their produce directly to the consumer, through local markets, and this has greatly aggravated the problem of distribution. To make matters worse, transport has largely broken down on both the roads and the railroads: the UNRRA trucks lack spare parts, there is a shortage of gasoline, and Poland has not been delivering nearly as much coal as it would have if the Cominform dispute had not broken out. The urban population has in consequence suffered great hardships. Moreover, large quantities of the food pried from a reluctant peasantry are exported. The peasants' dissatisfaction has been admitted by Minister of Economy Boris Kidric himself; they were so little pleased, he said, with the consumer goods offered them for their produce under the linked-price system that they failed to turn three billion dinars' worth ($60,000,000) of consumer-goods bonds into goods. Probably the public tends to attribute even more of its troubles to the policy of "export food at any price and starve the home consumer" than is warranted by the facts, but it remains true that Yugoslavia is one of the most ill-nourished countries in Europe today.

Industrialization is the watchword of the regime. The Cominform crisis, with its threat of economic sanctions, could have afforded the Yugoslav leaders an excuse to slow down industrialization, but, partly to prove to Eastern Europe that they were good Marxists and partly be-

ALEXANDER WERTH, formerly The Nation's *correspondent in Moscow, is now traveling in Eastern Europe. The first part of this article, printed last week, discussed Tito's political strength in the face of Russian hostility.*

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Drawing by Golden

cause they seem to believe that industrialization is Yugoslavia's only road to independence, they decided to go ahead with their plans and to squeeze the peasants harder than before. The Yugoslav Communists really are Communists, and they were not going to be stampeded by circumstances into becoming a "Small Freeholders' Party"—though, heaven knows, millions of people in Yugoslavia would welcome such a change, for it would make life easier. But that, in Tito's view, would be Bukharinism!

The Russians believe that Tito's industrialization is being carried out at an absurd tempo, and that his agricultural policy, based on a virtual state monopoly of food distribution, is leading to famine in the cities. The Yugoslavs, they say, are making the very mistakes the Russians themselves made in 1919-20, and the only solution for them now is to introduce the N. E. P., that is, partially restore private trade and allow the peasants temporary freedom to "enrich themselves." But no. Titoism means industrialization first and foremost and as nearly 100 per cent socialism as possible.

How well the Five-Year Plan is progressing is very hard to say. Kidric's official utterances, with their use of military terminology, are not particularly illuminating; hitherto, he has said, industralization was being carried out on "a wide front" and often independently of the plan, but in 1949, the "most vital year," the essential tasks of industrialization would have to be methodically fulfilled. The inference was that after 1949 all would become much easier. Privately, however, responsible Yugoslav leaders will tell you that "if the East applies economic sanctions," the Five-Year Plan will have to be extended to six or seven years. The standing joke in Belgrade is "Five-Year Plan Forever."

The most serious snag is the shortage of skilled personnel—workers, foremen, engineers. Compared with Poland and Czechoslovakia—and also Russia, after thirty years of training the workers in technical "cadres"—Yugoslavia is a remarkably inefficient country. It would have been much better if the government had given the Tito Youth real training for skilled jobs instead of using their physical strength to build tunnels and railways. The spirit of the young men is still good, but half-empty stomachs cause discontent and frustration in the end. A sure sign of the growing discontent may be seen in the wisecracks about the government, and about Tito personally, whose splendid uniforms and ostentatious villas are gradually superimposing themselves on the image of Tito the great Partisan leader. He is still very popular with the army and the proletarian youth—but not so popular as when he and the Russians were friends.

The breakdown of transport is a second obstacle to the progress of industrialization, and the insufficiency of deliveries from abroad is a third. It has not been officially admitted that supplies from the East have been cut off, but they clearly have. Tito himself alluded to the economic boycott in his recent speech to the Bor miners, when he said, "We must now pay more dearly elsewhere for things which we should normally get from our allies." He was referring to Rumanian oil and possibly also Polish coal and coke, Czechoslovak machinery, and perhaps Russian cotton, and Russian and Czech equipment for the Yugoslav army.

AT THE moment a curious situation exists. In the past year Yugoslavia has been developing its trade with Switzerland, Sweden, and other Western countries, just as the Czech, Poles, and Hungarians have been doing, without incurring the displeasure of Moscow. But right now the two most important Yugoslav trade delegations are in Moscow and London. The Yugoslavs made some important concessions to Great Britain over compensation, and some weeks ago it seemed certain that an agreement for trade totaling £15,000,000 up to September, 1949, would be signed without delay. There have been some hitches since, but probably not serious enough to cause a breakdown. The Yugoslavs are certainly anxious to insure themselves against an economic boycott by the East.

The departure of the Yugoslav trade delegation for Moscow pleasantly surprised the Yugoslav public, which had thought that "all was over between us." What actually happened was this: the Yugoslavs submitted a number of concrete proposals about the commodities they wished to buy and sell in the Soviet Union. After many weeks of waiting they were told that they could send their trade delegation along and that their proposals would be accepted as a basis for discussion. How much will actually be accomplished remains to be seen. Some of the Yugoslav Communists consider it a hopeful sign that the Russians, without becoming "reconciled" to the Tito regime, are willing to establish a *modus vivendi* with it.

Well-informed Yugoslavs tell me that the immediate economic advantages of a trade agreement with Russia will be small. Everything will be done on a cash or barter basis, without any Russian credits entering into the transactions as they do in Russian trade with Poland and the other European countries. But any Yugoslav-Russian trade agreement at this stage, no matter how small, will be politically important. One wonders how it will affect

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trade with Britain and the United States, on which Tito has been telling all his American visitors he is most keen.

Does Moscow perhaps calculate that it will discourage the West from helping Yugoslavia? Is the East blowing hot and cold by turns? On almost the very day that Moscow invited the Yugoslavs to send their trade delegation, the leading members of the Yugoslav legation in Budapest were kicked around by the police as no diplomats have ever been kicked around before. It looked like a deliberate attempt to provoke Tito into breaking off diplomatic relations with Hungary.

Wobbling between East and West, Yugoslavia is exposing itself to unlimited kicking around by East and West alike and to every kind of pressure. A bold move by the West could bring it into camp, but who will make it as long as the Yugoslav Communists proclaim that they are even better Marxists than Stalin? Russia is not likely to receive Yugoslavia back into the fold except on Russian terms, one of which will be that Tito must go—Molotov made that clear in his last speech. In Serbia, which is mostly anti-Russian, they are facing the situation with heroic stoicism, but in Croatia the criticism is becoming more vociferous.

Wanted: Negro Ph. D.'s

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

St. Louis, November 20

THE struggle to abolish segregated schools continues to center in the states of Missouri and Oklahoma. The issue was first joined in Missouri in 1938, when the Supreme Court ruled that the state would either have to admit Lloyd Gaines, a qualified Negro student, to the law school of the University of Missouri or provide equivalent facilities. The state elected, of course, to establish the Lincoln University Law School in St. Louis, a first-rate but costly institution with five teachers and fifty students. Now an amusing postscript is being written to this new Missouri Compromise.

After the Gaines case was decided, the N.A.A.C.P. brought similar test suits in Oklahoma and Texas. These states had the advantage of being sufficiently "Southern" to have segregated schools and sufficiently "Western" to afford a fairly favorable climate of opinion in which to test the issue. There was also more pressure from Negroes to enter the graduate schools in these states than elsewhere, and the personal risks to the litigants were not so great as they might have been in Alabama or South Carolina. When other states in the segregation belt saw the N.A.A.C.P. carrying the fight from Missouri to Oklahoma and Texas, they realized that they would be next on the list. They have therefore been attempting to meet the court's requirement in the Gaines case by improving the quality of their Negro colleges. In doing so they have ushered in flush times for Negro Ph.D.'s.

The necessity of bolstering up its hastily improvised law school for Negroes caused Texas recently to try to induce Dean Scovel Richardson and the entire faculty to leave Lincoln University Law School and come to Houston. The bait was declined, but a prospective addition to the Lincoln faculty was lured to Texas by the offer of $8,000 a year, approximately twice the salary which Lincoln would have paid. Negro institutions in Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, Maryland, and West Virginia are raiding the border states in search of Negro Ph.D.'s. Little consideration is given to teaching experience or personal qualifications. What the raiders want is advanced degrees, on the assumption that if a sufficient number of faculty members have them, then the Negro institutions will be the "equal" of the state's white colleges.

With the Southern states actively bidding against one another, the salary scale in Negro colleges is going up by leaps and bounds. Thoroughly aware of the dilemma of the states, young Negro Ph.D.'s have been signing one-year contracts and accepting a higher offer the next year from some more desperate Southern school. As might be expected, Texas seems to be the final and highest bidder. In addition to offering fancy salaries, segregated Negro colleges are holding out the inducement of attractive campus and dormitory facilities and emphasizing the "congenial social atmosphere." Ironically, many of the beneficiaries of this turn of events were originally from the South, got their degrees in border-state institutions, and are now being "invited" to return to states which had denied them opportunity for professional training. Of course the border states also are having to increase the salaries of Negro faculty members.

In Missouri other pressures are steadily weakening Jim Crow educational policies. For more than sixty years there have been two teachers' organizations, one for white teachers, one for Negro teachers. But on November 3, after six years of debate and agitation, the Missouri State

CAREY McWILLIAMS is a staff contributor of The Nation. *His latest book is "A Mask for Privilege: Anti-Semitism in America."*

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Teachers' Association unanimously adopted a resolution rescinding its white-membership clause. Even teachers from the rural areas of southeastern Missouri finally voted for the resolution. Negro teachers, though they will maintain a separate organization for the time being to deal with special problems, are joining the Missouri State Teachers' Association en masse. Once all teachers are united in a single professional organization, the anachronistic nature of segregated schools will be further emphasized.

Another powerful influence against segregation in Missouri is provided by the changing proportions of whites and Negro pupils in the St. Louis schools. In the 1923-24 school year 84,760 white and 13,491 Negro pupils were enrolled in the public schools of St. Louis. Today the white enrolment has declined to 62,612 and the Negro has jumped to 25,251. The change is due not only to the growth of the Negro population but to the flight of white residents to the separately incorporated suburbs and the steadily increasing enrolment of white children in the parochial schools. (In St. Louis the Catholics, the Lutherans, and the Christian Scientists maintain school systems from the first grade through high school.) The Negro schools are naturally more crowded than the white, but administrators cannot turn over unused space in white schools to Negro students, and every effort to change the character of a school meets with sharp opposition.

These cumulative pressures account for the fact that the two houses of the Missouri legislature recently concurred in a resolution creating an Equal Rights Commission. The commission is now holding hearings throughout the state, seeking suggestions on how to implement the "equal rights" guaranty of the state constitution. Before 1945 segregated schools were mandatory in Missouri. The new constitution adopted in that year provided that the legislature might authorize local school districts to establish unsegregated schools but retained the other features of the original provision. The appointment of the Equal Rights Commission seems a sign that the Missourians are inclined to take the logical next step, that is, abolish segregated schools. The resolution creating the Equal Rights Commission, incidentally, was drafted by Scovel Richardson, the able dean of the Lincoln University School of Law, who seems determined to abolish the position he now holds.

The Southern states obviously feel that the example of Missouri shows them how to meet the Gaines decision, but the course of events in Missouri since 1938 is clearly the beginning of an inexorable process by which the whole South will ultimately be forced to abolish segregated schools.

Oil Profits and E. R. P.

BY SYDNEY J. NEAL

WITHIN the next few years, according to present plans, Middle Eastern oil products costing more than two billion dollars will be purchased by or for countries participating in the European Recovery Program. Under the present world-pricing system for oil, close to half that amount will be raked in as profit by American, British, and Dutch oil companies. This billion-dollar take will come out of the pockets of American taxpayers.

The Economic Cooperation Administration is the middleman in this setup. The E. C. A. has been buying Middle Eastern oil for Europe at an average price of over $2.65 a barrel. But the cost of producing this oil, including royalties and depreciation charges, is less than 50 cents a barrel. Thus the oil companies are making a profit of more than $2 on every barrel of oil purchased by the E.C.A. at Persian Gulf ports for delivery to Europe. The Middle East is now supplying about one-third of all the oil shipped under the E. R. P., and by 1951 it is expected to be supplying over 80 per cent of Europe's oil requirements.

SYDNEY J. NEAL has made an extensive study of the oil industry for a research thesis at the University of Chicago.

During the past twenty-five years the world price for oil has been based upon prices prevailing at United States Gulf Coast ports. This made some economic sense when most of the oil moving in world trade was shipped out of those ports. Since the end of World War II, however, the United States has imported more oil than it has exported, and thus there is no longer any economic justification for this pricing system. It simply enables companies which produce oil more cheaply in foreign countries to obtain greater profits. Eight oil companies have obtained control of the vast oil resources of the Middle East and are developing them very efficiently. The average output per well is over 4,000 barrels a day, while in the United States it is only about 35 barrels a day.

On June 27, 1948, Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming sent a telegram to Eugene Holman, president of Standard Oil (New Jersey), charging that "under

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the present world pricing system for petroleum there is no competition among any of the companies, foreign or domestic, which produce oil in the Middle East." The facts support the Senator's charge. Approximately thirty-two billion barrels of proved or indicated reserves exist in the Middle East. Most of those reserves are in four countries which border on the Persian Gulf—Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia. In each country a single company has a monopoly of the oil concessions. The four concession-holding companies are owned by eight oil companies, four of which have interests in more than one country. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, controlled by the British government, and the Royal Dutch Shell group have an interest in the concession-holding companies in Iran, Iraq, and Kuwait. Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum Oil have an interest in the concession-holding companies in Iraq and Saudi Arabia. The following table shows how interrelated are the interests of the eight oil companies:

MIDDLE EASTERN OIL CONCESSIONS

Country	*Concession-holding company*	*Ownership percentage*
Iran	Anglo-Iranian Oil	British Gov't, 52.5 Royal Dutch Shell, 25 Individually owned 22.5
Iraq	Iraq Petroleum Group	Anglo-Iranian Oil, 24 Royal Dutch Shell, 24 French Gov't-Controlled, Co., 24 Socony-Vacuum Oil and Standard Oil (New Jersey), 24
Kuwait	Kuwait Oil	Gulf Oil Corp., 50 Anglo-Iranian Oil, 50
Saudi Arabia	Arabian-American Oil (ARAMCO)	Standard Oil of California, 30 The Texas Company, 30 Standard Oil (New Jersey), 30 Socony-Vacuum Oil, 10

In addition to the joint ownership of oil concessions, there are other bonds which tie the policies of the companies together. The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) recently consummated a deal with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company whereby Standard will purchase large quantities of oil from Iran and Kuwait during the next ten years. In return Standard will help to finance a pipe line from Iran to the Mediterranean.

In the face of these facts Mr. Holman told Senator O'Mahoney that to his knowledge there was no uniform pricing system for petroleum, and that Standard of New Jersey's prices were established independently and reflected competitive world-wide market conditions. He admitted, however, that Standard of New Jersey was offering crude-oil products for sale to E. R. P. countries at prices generally based on Gulf Coast prices plus freight charges from the actual loading point.

The oil companies maintain that prices have been kept on that basis in order to "meet competition." The argument of the petroleum industry, domestic as well as international, has always been that a uniform price is the natural result of competition. The Cities Service Company, for example, has said, "The leveling of prices in respect to a common product is a natural process in competitive American business and is not peculiar to the petroleum industry." Socony-Vacuum Oil Company phrases it as follows: "It is axiomatic that any more or less staple product, such as fuel oils, will be sold in a given market-place at the same time at the same openly published prices. This is the direct result of competition."

It must be remembered, however, that the rules which would operate in a free-market economy do not apply to the international petroleum industry. In a free market, when the margin between price and cost of production is unduly large, new enterprises are expected to enter the field, and the consequent increase in supply is supposed to force a reduction of the profit margin. Such a process is impossible in the world's oil production. No potential competitor can develop the rich oil resources of the Middle East without the permission of the eight oil companies which now control them. The reasonableness of profits under such conditions will always be determined by the oil companies concerned.

HOW dependent is the success of E. R. P. on Middle Eastern oil? The Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives stated that the preservation of existing facilities and the carrying out of the large expansion now contemplated in the Middle East were necessary for meeting the present petroleum requirements of the European Recovery Program. The State Department, moreover, informed the committee that it had "not developed any alternative plan for supplying the requirements of the participating countries in the European Recovery Program in the event Middle East oil [should] not be available in the amounts necessary to meet the reduced requirements. [In such event] a full review of the energy requirements under the program would be required."

It seems reasonable to assume, therefore, that within the limits imposed by the scarcity of steel and the warfare in Palestine the expansion programs of the Middle Eastern oil companies will proceed according to schedule. It also seems reasonable to expect that those oil companies will continue to add to the "amazing picture of corporate greed" which Senator Owen Brewster of Maine encountered when his committee investigated navy purchases of Middle Eastern oil.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

THE WHITE GODDESS

All saints revile her, and all sober men
Ruled by the God Apollo's golden mean—
In scorn of which we sailed to find her
In distant regions likeliest to hold her
Whom we desired above all things to know,
Sister of the mirage and echo.

It was a virtue not to stay,
To go our headstrong and heroic way
Seeking her out at the volcano's head,
Among pack ice, or where the track had faded
Beyond the cavern of the seven sleepers:
Whose broad high brow was white as any leper's,
Whose eyes were blue, with rowan-berry lips,
With hair curled honey-colored to white hips.

The sap of spring in the young wood a-stir
Will celebrate with green the Mother,
And every song-bird shout awhile for her;
But we are gifted, even in November
Rawest of seasons, with so huge a sense
Of her nakedly worn magnificence
We forget cruelty and past betrayal,
Heedless of where the thunderstroke may fall.

ROBERT GRAVES

THOMAS MANN'S "DOCTOR FAUSTUS"

BY STEPHEN SPENDER

THIS is an occasion when I regret being a reviewer, that is, a kind of middle man who has to offer more or less cursory opinions about an important book before it is passed on to readers, on the one side, and the longer judgment of critics, on the other. It is gratifying to be able to say, at least, that Thomas Mann's book* contains many marvels. A wonderful essay on the later compositions of Beethoven; amazing digressions, such as the description of the collection of crystals belonging to the father of Herr Mann's hero; masterly passages of virtuosity in the style of an earlier German, admirably translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter: these are among the things which tempt me to say "marvelous," and leave it at that.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to indicate my very grave misgivings, hoping that later critics will show that I am wrong. In order to give the grounds of these misgivings I must describe the book.

Adrian Leverkühn is a German composer, born in 1885, who dies in 1940. "Doctor Faustus" purports to be his biography, written by his lifelong friend Serenus Zeitblom. It is not a biography, of course, but a novel masquerading as a biography; though even here one becomes rather confused, because it if were true biography, one would criticize it for its opaqueness, its extreme ambiguity, and the layers and layers of other people's lives under which Dr. Zeitblom chooses to bury information the reader would like to have about his hero. The biography is in a sense too an autobiography of Zeitblom himself, full of his preoccupations about Germany during the Second World War. It contains about as much autobiography as, one hazards, the discreet Dr. Zeitblom would ever tell.

The story of Leverkühn's life is rather simple, though buried under tremendous complexities. Leverkühn, who is a man of transcendental genius, is a modern Faust who makes pact with the devil, selling his soul into damnation in order that he may compose great music in the style of the twelve-tone or row system of Arnold Schoenberg.

The story is told in a series of immense digressions, with occasional all too rare plunges into direct narration. The earlier digressions—for which Dr. Zeitblom apologizes—seem to me to have a brilliant consistency with the main purpose of the novel lacking in the later ones, where at times one almost loses sight of Leverkühn. The account of Father Leverkühn's house, of the lectures given by the strangely inspired music-master at Adrian's school, and the wonderful description of the theological college, project more of Leverkuehn than the later accounts of the life of Munich society after World War I.

Later critics may well disagree with my view that the portrait of Leverkühn is only partially successful. What Dr. Mann never fails to convey is the sense of awe before dynamic genius. One feels—as in one wonderful chapter of "Lotte in Weimar"—that Thomas Mann understands genius on the Goethean, Beethovenian scale. He can convey the impression of a mind working ten times more actively than other minds, enormously fertile, reaching to heights and depths of experience unknown to other men. Yet Leverkühn remains a somewhat abstract, withdrawn figure, a statue of genius carved in ice.

Probably the profound development of Leverkühn's personality is to be discovered in the many descriptions of his compositions which fill a good part of the book. Here Thomas Mann has surely chosen for himself and his reader the most unrewarding method of describing the development of character—through enormous descriptions of enormous musical works which are fictitious. At best the description of works of art in novels always seems to me to exercise little more hold over the reader's imagination than a macabre fascination; and at best verbal descriptions of music

*Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

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are a refined literary torture. But when one has a combination of description of fictitious art and the elaborated program note devoted to music, even the genius of Thomas Mann scarcely produces an effect which is less than dense and frustrating. Yet it is in these accounts of his musical compositions—immensely ingenious and convincing—that the inmost development of the isolated character of Leverkühn is buried.

The important moral question which later critics will have to discuss is: "Why is Leverkühn supposed to be so wicked?" or "Is the sense of evil realized in his behavior and actions?" Thomas Mann has always been obsessed with the idea of the daemonic in genius, the inhumanity of men of genius. Leverkühn is also obsessed with the idea of his own wickedness. His sense of guilt at the end drives him mad, and he accuses himself, among other things, of having slept with a mermaid, killed a child who died of meningitis, perverted his theological studies in order to create art against God instead of for him, and employed devilry in order to compose his music. The first two of these self-accusations it is difficult, within the context of the book, to take seriously. Indeed, one can only sympathize with Leverkühn in his feeling that he had incurred in his own soul the horrible cosmic guilt which permits a child to die of spinal meningitis. As for the theological crime, it does not shock us in the context of the values of the world of Thomas Mann or Dr. Zeitblom, which is essentially agnostic and humanist. We are left feeling that composing music is diabolic. And here indeed we are close to a sense of guilt about art which pervades much of Thomas Mann's writing. But one has to ask, "Why is the artistic genius wicked?" and one is left with the answers—"because it is described by Goethe as daemonic" and "because the man of artistic genius withdraws himself from human affairs." Myself, I cannot believe that even in an extreme form, even say, in the case of Rimbaud, the artistic genius is wicked. Artists may cause people to suffer; indeed, they usually do; and to those who suffer for them, and to themselves, this is depressing and even may take evil forms. But, nevertheless, viewed in the broadest human terms, the "wickedness" of the artistic genius consists in taking away from humanity with one hand what the artist gives back most munificently with the other: withdrawing from human relations or destroying them in order to give humanity back his gifts by which it is immensely enriched.

Some reviewers have suggested that there is an intended parallel between Leverkühn and Hitler. If this is so, it seems to me misplaced. The Nazis were destroyers, not creators, and they really did seriously wicked things, far worse than composing atonal symphonies and cantatas.

Ultimately the sense of wickedness is the same as the sense of goodness, and, in fact, Thomas Mann's works are distinguished by a certain lack of this sense in its most supreme form. Thomas Mann has a sense of the aesthetic; he also has a sense of the decadent, the destructive, which approaches at times to a sense of evil. But the problem which brings him closest to real evil is that of evil in the universe, such as the spinal meningitis which can kill a small child. Certainly this is a terrible problem, but it is not the same as personal evil, the sin of selling one's soul to the devil, the evil of Goebbels or Faust.

To me, working within the reviewer's conditions of pressure and distraction, there appears to be something miscast and misconceived about "Doctor Faustus." On one level: Leverkühn does fail to be a convincing character. On a deeper level: perhaps a great artist cannot sell his soul to the devil, cannot damn himself eternally, or he would not be able to create. On a still deeper level: perhaps what is misconceived is the nature of diabolic evil itself. After all, Thomas Mann is not Dostoevski. But here I approach realms of serious criticism which should not be permitted to the mere reviewer. I am brought back to saying that nevertheless this is a marvelous book, literally marvelous, full of marvels. STEPHEN SPENDER

THE STUDY OF MYTH

By RICHARD CHASE

FOR at least three decades critics, poets, and novelists have been courting mythology with an intensity unparalleled since the Renaissance. And a new book by E. M. Butler called "The Myth of the Magus,"* rather thin and unimportant in itself, serves to remind us that for most literary people the Cambridge school of "anthropology," founded by Jane Harrison with the assistance of J. G. Frazer and others, has been for many years now the ultimate authority on the origin and nature of myth. Miss Butler, a professor of German at Cambridge, tries to construct a coherent myth of the careers of such "magi" as Zoroaster, Moses, Christ, Merlin, Faust, and Rasputin. During the nineteenth century a mythicizing amateur would have relied on one of the two main theories of the time. He would have assumed (1) that myths are primitive science, tales which try to explain natural or social phenomena in metaphorical language—since no more exact language was available—or (2) that myths are poetic representations of the vicissitudes of the sun and moon. The first theory, actually very ancient, was advocated by the Victorian rationalists, who stemmed from the Enlightenment, and the second was advocated mostly by German philologists whose sensibilities were formed by Romanticism and whose field of knowledge was Sanscrit and the alleged primitive "Aryans" of India. But Miss Butler tells us that "behind" the story of each magus there "looms up" the figure of the dying god. This is in accordance with the theory of the Cambridge mythologists that all myth derives from a primitive ritual which celebrated the life, death, and rebirth of such divinities as Dionysus, Christ, and Adonis. Miss Butler's automatic assumption that this is the final truth about myth is only one of many recent tributes on both sides of the Atlantic to the authority of the Cambridge mythologists.

It is an interesting idea that the myth of Cadmus, say, was invented in order to explain the founding of Thebes and that the inventors of this story were forced to use the pseudo-science of myth because they had unfortunately not yet developed a true science of history. And it is interesting to suppose that Little Red Riding Hood being swallowed up

*The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

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PROLOGUE AND SONG*

I, who mourn the distant vistas of mankind,
The stooks, like castles built of gold,
Flashing on far horizons,
The voices of the priests and cries of warriors
United to create a myth, life-giving,
I can tell how far we have descended,
How thickly muffled, numbed, how far condemned—
Without the gambler's hope to a gambler's life,
Where the highest prize is a week in a Butlin Camp,
And the forfeit, a star's disruption.

* * *

"O, Huntsman, when will the hunting stop;
And the spring begin;
And the first star-eyed blossoms
Sprinkle earth's dull skin,
And Man's sorrow be again
Of divine ordination,
Not this evil, dull fruit
Of Man's negation?

In all lands under wide skies found
Men turn down the light and burrow
Like moles in the ground;
Only bully, bore and busybody
In beetle-armour clad
Scuttle round and hurry round
With hearts that are glad.

Has no man the courage to forbid it,
Now that the hounds are so near;
Has all the world no man to rid it
Of the hearts that have caused this fear,
Of the icy hearts and the bragging voices,
So that all the world rejoices
In a day when death was dear?"

OSBERT SITWELL

* From "Demos the Emperor, a Secular Oratorio," soon to be published.

by the wolf is, behind the symbolic façade, the sun being swallowed up by night or winter. But such explanations, though not always "wrong," now seem suspiciously simple. The persistent rationalism of Western civilization has led mythologists ever since Bacon's treatise on the gods to interpret myth as if it were science, philosophy, or allegory. But one large truth seems finally to have emerged from this somewhat murky field of speculation: however philosophical or allegorical it may be, myth *is* literature. Poetic literature is the only thing myth can be equated with without seriously underrating its richness and distorting its bearing upon life. This obvious fact has sometimes been grudgingly admitted—the Greeks knew that "myth" meant "story." But as if they found the idea that myth is literature at once too elementary and too momentous, students of mythology have generally preferred to speak of myth as if it were something else. This accords very well with the critical fallacy of discussing literature as if it were sociology or economics or philosophy. Most literary people are now wise in the ways of avoiding this fallacy when they talk of literature, but not when they speak of myth.

The Cambridge mythologists have their own ways of denying the literary qualities of myth. Yet there can be no doubt that their theory is more impressive than earlier theories. Consider the poetic, moral, and cultural meanings in a ritual pattern which, as Miss Butler outlines it, includes the mysterious or divine origin of the hero, portents which occur at his birth, perils menacing his infancy, initiation into a cult or a social system, far wanderings in search of wisdom, a magical contest with an evil opponent, trial or persecution, a sacrificial last scene, a violent or mysterious death, resurrection. Heroes whose careers more or less coincide with this pattern will easily occur to the reader—Hercules, Oedipus, Beowulf, Tolstoy's Pierre, Henry James's Hyacinth Robinson, Melville's Ahab and Ishmael. The ease with which the mind associates these heroes should indicate to us that we are not dealing with two absolutely distinct phenomena—myth on the one hand and literature on the other. In each case we are dealing with literature, or, if you wish, mythical literature. The importance of the Cambridge theory is that the events it correctly attributes to the career of the dying god have occurred over and over again in poetic story from the beginning of history: they are central and basic in the fictional plots which have interested countless poets. But by no stretch of the imagination can this ritual pattern be said to underlie all myths. The number of myths it does not underlie is overwhelmingly great.

The Cambridge school of mythology is a curiously parochial movement of the kind one might predict (and Toynbee *does* predict) would appear in a declining Christian empire—the idea of the death and rebirth of God suiting the Christian mentality as well as it suits the mood of modern England, a Hellenistic mood, as Gilbert Murray once intimated in "The Five Stages of Greek Religion." The Cambridge scholars and those whom they have decisively influenced tend to be either, like Frazer, programmatically anti-Christian or, like T. S. Eliot and Toynbee, programmatically Christian. I am not prepared at the moment to assess the following facts: nevertheless, the founder of the movement was a woman—Miss Harrison; many other women, including Miss Jessie L. Weston and Miss Edith Sitwell, have taken up the theory; and—the chief American branch of the school flourishes at Bennington College.

One gathers from such American anthropologists as Boas, Ruth Benedict, and Paul Radin that the theory of the Cambridge school is no more firmly founded in anthropological fact than previous categorical theories. To begin

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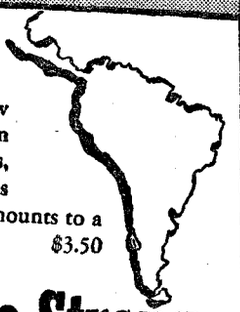

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By A. EDWARD STUNTZ

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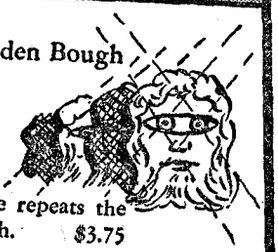

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with, the Cambridge scholars are not anthropologists at all—though they are often called that—if "anthropologist" means someone who makes careful studies of primitive cultures. They are antiquarians and aesthetic or religious theorists. To attribute a myth of the dying god, as Frazer repeatedly does, to a culture one knows scarcely more about than Herodotus knew about the Hyperboreans is certainly not to function as an anthropologist. The claim that the myth of the dying god is universal among primitive peoples is denied by the American anthropologists; and though something like it is found in various parts of the world, it is preeminently characteristic of high barbaric cultures in the Mediterranean basin, the only area the Cambridge scholars have studied with any care. One would think that such facts as these would quell the enthusiasm of epigoni of the Cambridge school like Stanley Edgar Hyman, who in his "The Armed Vision" chides Constance Rourke for not finding the same ritual forms in American folk art that Jane Harrison found in primitive Greece.

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There is something inescapably British and/or high-church in the notion of the Cambridge school that ritual universally precedes myth, both in history and in importance, and that myth is a derivative of ritual. There is apparently no such undeviating evolution as this implies. Myth *may* derive from ritual. But the most cursory glance at a book by one of the American anthropologists —for example, Boas's "Race, Language, and Culture"—will show that ritual can derive from myth. Even more striking is the fact that in primitive societies, as in civilized ones, there is such a thing as secular myth: a primitive mythical literature may be created quite apart from religious ritual. Myth is freer, richer, and more spontaneous than is usually realized.

The Cambridge school tends to explain away the real content of myth by saying, whenever myth grows knotty and complex in its representation of a human crisis: "Here we see that behind the myth there looms the ritual of the dying god." The plain fact is that the Cambridge school is vastly more right than it knows when it attributes the inner dynamism of myth to the life and death of the dying god. For the god's career is, by wondrous and infinite implication, exactly the fantasy of every human being about himself. At this point a momentous choice of method must be made, and to that end I invite the reader to compare Miss Butler's account of Moses with Freud's, in his "Moses and Monotheism." In the myth of Moses, Freud saw, not a garbled transcription of an alleged ritual, but a poetic account of typical human crises, an account of man's mind totally involved in the human contexts of fantasy and reality. In summoning myth out of the temple and seating it in man's imagination Freud indicated, it seems to me, the direction the study of myth can at present most profitably take.

The study of myth is the most backward of the humanities. We are still in the alchemy stage. For though we no longer try to reduce cucumbers to sunshine, we go right on trying to reduce myth to primitive science, hidden messages from Mu, phallic symbols, solar symbols, or rituals. In short, we seem wilfully to blind ourselves to the literary quality of myth, as if we chose not to be moved by its beautiful reflection of our lives. As an admirable American anthropologist, Ruth Benedict, said, it is ironic that scholars and critics should have labored so persistently "under the incubus of theories explaining seven-headed monsters and magic swords as survivals of primordial conditions, allegories of the sun and moon or of the sex act, or etiological philosophizing and have ignored the unconfined role of the human imagination in the creation of mythology."

Portrait of Hopkins

ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS: AN INTIMATE HISTORY. By Robert E. Sherwood. Harper and Brothers. $6.

ROBERT SHERWOOD'S remarkable book on Harry Hopkins adds another volume to the yet meager shelf of indispensable books on the Roosevelt era. In his introduction Mr. Sherwood pays generous tribute to the earlier works by Frances Perkins and by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy; it is perhaps sufficient indication of the quality of "Roosevelt and Hopkins" to say that it is in the same class as "The Roosevelt I Knew" and "On Active Service." In certain respects, indeed, it will be of even greater interest to the general reader and of greater value to the historian. It is more detailed in its narrative and more massive in its documentation; and its manner combines brilliantly the personal insights of a sensitive and sympathetic friend with the detachment of a shrewd observer who came upon the scene long after the Hopkins-Roosevelt relationship had been established.

Harry Hopkins was a puzzling figure to most Americans, including many who knew him well. "I seem to turn out a mixture of a Baptist preacher and a racetrack tout," Hopkins remarked after reading his own *New Yorker* profile. There were always what seemed to be these baffling combinations in him: the harness-maker's son fascinated by high life; the social worker in cafe society; the radical New Dealer transformed into the single-minded advocate of total war and the buddy of Churchill, Marshall, and King.

Mr. Sherwood makes an able attempt to resolve the apparent contradictions. Unfortunately, he did not get to know

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Hopkins well until 1940, and Hopkins's New Deal career is compressed into about one hundred pages of text. This part is written with sympathy and on the basis of careful research but without the advantage of Sherwood's personal participation in events which gives special vitality to the rest of the book. But it is Sherwood's firm belief that Hopkins remained at heart a New Dealer to the end. In the midst of the tensions of 1943, for example, he could find time to meditate upon the strategy of post-war domestic problems. The Beveridge Plan approach, with its emphasis on social security as the cornerstone, seemed to him wrong; "what we have to provide," he wrote, "is real security in terms of full employment." Such remarks as these lead Sherwood to conclude that "Hopkins had not entirely changed his character; he was getting ready for the day when, the present world conflict having ended in total victory, he would resume his career as a fighter for the extension and amplification of the New Deal."

Hopkins, of course, did pretty much abandon the New Deal in the course of the war. "I'm getting sick and tired of having to listen to complaints from these goddam New Dealers," he remarked to Sherwood in a moment of extreme irritability; and he resented increasingly the intrusions of domestic reform upon the larger questions of global strategy. Many of his old friends lost faith in him during this period. Yet Hopkins was essentially right; in 1942 the increase in production of landing craft was much more important than the survival of the National Youth Administration or the Farm Security Administration; and liberals who objected to Hopkins's somewhat melodramatic brusqueness then may now be consoled by the evidence of the extraordinary burdens he was carrying in the war effort itself. Sherwood shows decisively what a crucial figure Hopkins was in the achievement of victory. The sharp, emphatic intelligence, the quick perception into the heart of the problem which made Churchill call him "Lord Root of the Matter," the impatience with red tape, and the driving, nagging capacity to get things done—these qualities, in alliance with his unique rapport with the President, enabled him in a myriad astonishing ways to break bottlenecks, clarify policies, and force decisions. "Time after time," General Marshall wrote him, "you have done for me things I was finding it exceedingly difficult to do for myself and always in matters of the gravest import." Marshall observed later, "He rendered a service to his country which will never even vaguely be appreciated."

The biography of Hopkins is only a small part of Mr. Sherwood's book. There is much exciting material on Roosevelt, primarily in his role as master of global strategy. The New Deal had receded for him as for Hopkins; during the crisis of war he was quite properly absorbed with winning the war. "Roosevelt had to give a great deal of attention to the domestic political scene in this summer and fall of 1942," Sherwood writes. "He hated it but he couldn't escape it." Sherwood has obviously studied Roosevelt closely and makes many penetrating remarks about him—in particular, about the air of inconsequence and even flippancy with which he liked to mask long-considered plans and decisions. "Roosevelt and

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Hopkins" also throws new light on many episodes of the war—from the American destroyer which unleashed a torpedo at the warship carrying Roosevelt to Oran to the planning of the second front and the conferences with Stalin.

Sherwood's account of the Yalta conference, by placing it in the perspectives of 1945, makes quite clear that this was no frivolous sell-out of American interests. Indeed, except for the Far Eastern concessions, which are to be explained by Roosevelt's anxiety to make sure of Soviet participation in the war against Japan, the Yalta decisions were an essential phase that had to be gone through as part of the unveiling of the then still uncertain Russian intentions toward Europe. It is interesting to note that as early as 1943 Roosevelt was urging upon the British the support of China, because China "in any serious conflict of policy with Russia would undoubtedly line up on our side." Hopkins himself perceived clearly that the differences with Russia would come, not from differences in economic organization, but from differences in "our fundamental notions of human liberty . . . The American people want not only freedom for themselves, but they want freedom throughout the world for other people as well, as they simply do not like the notion that you cannot say what you please when you want to say it." American interests, Hopkins said flatly, "are not served by having any countries in Europe become totalitarian states, I don't care what label they give it."

These scattered observations give only a small sense of the variety and fascination of Mr. Sherwood's book. It is a triumph in that difficult field of contemporary history. In years to come it will be a basic work for all who seek to understand the age of Roosevelt.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

John Marin

JOHN MARIN. By MacKinley Helm. Pelligrini and Cudahy, in association with the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston. $6.50.

THIS monograph is advertised as "the first comprehensive book on Marin, recognized today as America's greatest living painter." It is true that the Marin bibliography has consisted up to now of critical reviews and essays, and the excellent catalogue of the Marin exhibition held at the Museum of Modern Art in 1936. Last spring Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art staged an important retrospective Marin show and the present book, while in no sense a catalogue, serves as a welcome postlude. (Incidentally, it is nice to know that Marin rates both as Modern and as Contemporary.)

Helm is comprehensive in the sense that he seems to have omitted nothing. Every slightest anecdote, every peripheral detail of Marin's life is here embalmed. And every work or group of works is duly recorded in the text in rigidly chronological order. Biography, paintings, citations from the critics, transcriptions of Marin's frequent letters to Stieglitz—all bend to the rule of year by year sequence. This makes for dull reading and intellectual disorder. It is the same trouble one finds in Wilenski's "Modern French Painters" and Rewald's "The History of Impressionism." Such books are invaluable for reference, like a file of old newspapers. I quarrel, not because they do not exploit Thomas Mann's sense of time, but because they do not clarify the values of their subject. If the present book were called "The History of John Marin," I should be less disappointed, even though wishing to challenge the implied conception of history.

The most important thing about John Marin is, presumably, his painting. To be sure, the book provides sixty-four good half-tone cuts and nine very good color plates (of which six appeared in the Museum of Modern Art catalogue). Here is an adequate visual sample. But to get any idea of Marin's development as an artist, or of the relationship between his watercolors, oils and etchings, you must read everything—all the anecdotes, all the salty epigrams, why Marin hates barbers, and Baedekerisms like "seven plates were etched in 1906 at Laon, the ancient Roman hill town of Laudunum, eighty-seven miles northeast of Paris."

Helm's close and friendly association with Marin has enabled him to watch Marin at work and to discuss with him his ideas about painting. When these observations and discussions are utilized, as particularly in the last chapter, Helm makes a valuable contribution.

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One critical appraisal deserves special attention. Helm convincingly challenges the notion that the "interior frame" is necessarily typical of Marin's work. "It would take at least three paintings," he says, "to represent Marin's range: a shattering, tumbling, violent view of Manhattan, a Maine seacoast piece with the slashing framework and broad indication of planes, and a lyrical landscape or seascape."

Marin may or may not be the greatest living American painter. In a recent magazine poll of museum directors (a shaky basis for judgments about modern painting), Marin won hands down. But he ought to be considered in terms of his own generation. Many of Alfred Stieglitz' "291" group, of which Marin was a leading member, have died—notably Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, and Alfred Maurer. Some of them are quoted in praise of Marin, but nowhere is his work evaluated in their company. The give and take between these painters was nearly as important as that among the Impressionists, and it forms a necessary part of the real history of any one of them. I am not persuaded by Helm that Marin's work in the past fifteen years shows any fundamentally new trend, anything like the later work of Cézanne; in fact, I find disconcerting signs of eclecticism, and I do not believe that Marin's reputation will depend on them. Taking only the work of Marin's middle years, however, I think he does not come up to Demuth. Demuth had a finer sensibility, repeated himself far less, and imposed himself more successfully on his medium. I am enchanted by Marin as a human being, a nature lover, a Yankee craftsman, and a poetic mariner. I admire his discoveries in watercolor, his Chinese-like economy of effort and power of concentration, his almost Irish volatility of linear expression. But I think that the best Marins are emotive fragments, and I do not share today's worship of the sketch at the expense of yesterday's belief that what counts is the long pull, the orchestration of emotive fragments into the complex work of many simultaneous levels of meaning. If we overrate the art of this grand old man now, it is a disservice, for the inevitable reaction will do him no good.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

Apologia pro Tyrannide Sua

THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI—HIS OWN STORY. By Benito Mussolini. Edited and with a Preface by Max Ascoli. Farrar, Straus and Company. $3.

A DESPOT in power craves for absolute power—a privilege which, in our age, calls for a maximum of efficiency. But tyranny breeds corruption, and a corrupt ruling class is not efficient. This is the dilemma of the modern dictator; no one was more patently its victim, and less aware of its threat, than Benito Mussolini.

One of his great illuminations came to the Duce when he first saw a Nazi regiment goose-stepping before his triumphant disciple, Adolf Hitler. Men can be reduced to automata. The feat, however, presupposes a monolithic party, a rigorous ideology, and some sort of austerity—three things of which the Italians were constitutionally incapable, as was Mussolini himself, an adventurer, a cynic, and a third-rate aesthete.

This is Mussolini's own story of his fall, first published in northern Italy in 1943, during the days of his Fascist "republic" *in extremis.* The story is written in the third person, not actually to fool anyone—Mussolini was too proud of his pen—but in an effort to give his special pleading a "historical" slant and a semblance of impartiality. Lies, half-lies, startling admissions, and occasional insights are mixed into this "testament." It could have been instructive to analyze them one by one. The editor of the volume, Max Ascoli, who has prefaced it with a perceptive and lively essay, a kind of balance-sheet of the Fascist tragi-comedy, has chosen on the contrary to limit the footnotes to a minimum. It is true that the ordinary reader has little patience with history and a great hunger for the story; and even those who would welcome an exegesis can read these pages as a psychological document.

As an appeal to the few million Italians then still under his "rule"—actually the Gestapo's—Mussolini's tract misfires. Such words as "dignity" and "national independence" must have sounded outrageous, coming from him, at that hour. But did he care? His only

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concern, page after page, is his crumbling power today and his dubious fame tomorrow. He rages against former admirers who have unseated him—Dino Grandi, Badoglio, the King; their recent perfidy and their lifelong servility are actually the theme of the pamphlet; but to himself he cannot explain how courtiers he always despised could have made his disgrace final.

A deeper wonder of his underlies every page—that the people he had so long manipulated should now try to take their destiny into their own hands. How can they be so idiotically sanguine? And thankless, and naive? The Duce finds it inadmissible that the Italians should be through with him. He can only strike attitudes, like a prisoner exhibited in a cage.

Appeal to superstition: he explains that he is invulnerable. Self-pity: he has been denied "the kind words of farewell to which even a mediocre servant is entitled." Historical wisdom: *all* wars are unpopular. Boastful cynicism: he is "the most hated man in the country"; the Italians, "who are gifted rather than really intelligent," have "a subconscious desire to be rid of him, . . . to destroy the idols of their own creation." Grotesque poses: he is translating Carducci's poem *into German*; he once "had the honor of running on the same ticket with Toscanini"; and, of course, his present predicament was once Napoleon's. Contrition, with slyness: he writes to Marshal Badoglio, who had just thrown him out of power, to thank him and to assure him that he will "not only place no difficulties in his way," but will "fully cooperate with him." It is hard to stop quoting from the Duce's homily, of which Frances Frenaye's translation preserves subtly the stylistic flavor.

Was the man, as Croce often maintained, simply mediocre? Should we see him, with the Marxists, as a shrewd demagogue floating to power on the waves of the class struggle? Or think, with Léon Blum, that Mussolini's strength lay in his intuition of what was rotten in his opponents? Or credit him, as Max Ascoli does, with one discovery —"that the typical institutions of modern democracy, like trade unions, universal education, governmental agencies established for the control of business, can be turned into most effective weapons of twentieth-century personal tyranny"? This idea did go far; obviously, it is not dead. Mussolini still has a future. Probably not a personal future in the memory of the Italians. Their current attitude toward the man they hanged can be read in the title of the memoirs of the Duce's cat, which a humorous weekly in Rome is serializing: "La Mia Vita col Puzzone" ("My Life with the Stinker").

PAOLO MILANO

James as Dramatist

THE OTHER HOUSE. By Henry James. New Directions. $3.

LEON EDEL, who is writing what should be a very important book on James as a dramatist, has prepared an excellent critical and historical introduction to this reprint of "The Other House." Originally a play, it was rewritten as a novel and seralized in 1896. I wonder what the readers of the *Illustrated London News* made of it. Twelve years later James recast it as a play but it has never been performed.

"The Other House" is a monument to defeated hopes, the only immediately accessible evidence of James's attempts to write for the stage. It is not successful as a novel, nor, I think, would it have been successful as a play. Reading this book, so patently a play with descriptive and reflective passages added later, one begins to understand why "Guy Domvile" was a failure.

The complicated emotions, the delicate tensions entertained by these well-bred people in their outwardly placid English country houses are so numerous and complicated that they could never be made very clear on the stage. Only a long novel, one which employed the famous "dramatic" method, could make the characters and the plot of "The Other House" even credible. Yet the playwright's economy weighs so heavily upon James that there is none of the leisureliness here which makes the complexities of his great novels seem, in the end, like something that might have happened to almost anyone one knows. Important events should occur slowly; what does occur here is a perfunctory violence. Mr. Edel points out that the "bad" heroine has affinities with Ibsen

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and ye gave me meat;
I was thirsty
and ye gave me drink;
I was a stranger
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heroines and with James's own women. Rose Armiger is a pallid creation beside Kate Croy, and she is so chiefly because, although she is potentially as complex and evil, James's necessities as a playwright make it impossible for him ever to show her off. When she commits, offstage, the act which consummates her ruin, the effect, for this reader, is grotesque. James's dramatic method, by which I understand his marvelous gradual revelation of actuality through hints, implications, and conversations, is not suitable to the theater at all. Hundreds of pages precede Madame Merle's revelations to Isabel Archer or Strether's discovery about Madame de Vionnet. Facts unfold themselves slowly, just as they do in daily human relations, and it is this that gives his great novels a reality not found often in English fiction. On the stage there is not this kind of leisure. As a result, most of the time the characters in "The Other House" are meaninglessly complex and submerged in an action that is merely crowded.

ERNEST JONES

For Art's Sake

AN OUTLINE OF EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE. By Nikolaus Pevsner. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

THE most significant fact about this book is its astounding success: a hundred thousand copies were sold in war-torn and impoverished England. This proves that there are multitudes who still believe in architecture as an art. For Pevsner's approach, although historical, is first of all aesthetic. An architect is an artist. Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo drew plans only as one of their means of expression. Building is a craft, a technique, a trade; its chief business is business; it is primarily functional. Pure architecture serves no purpose but beauty. Nothing in the Parthenon was of any practical use. Spires and stained-glass windows, colonnades and domes, are sheer waste. Paint sprayed from a gun fulfils its end ("Save the surface, you save all") even better than Michael Angelo's frescoes. Art exists for art's sake only. Pevsner is too prudent to express that unfashionable truism; but it is his constant inspiration. He admires even the most extreme manifestation of the baroque if it reaches its appointed end—to enhance our consciousness of life.

Pevsner, without pedantry, interweaves general history with the evolution of architecture. The book might be called an interpretation of European culture as mirrored in its monuments. Such an ambitious aim, in so limited a compass, is not without peril. At times historical statements are so broad as to verge on the nonsensical. Cultural history is an art of subtle shades, not of sweeping formulas. But on the whole the difficult task is surprisingly well done. The method works both ways. The period—to some extent—conditions the style, but the success of a style may be the key to neglected cultural factors. For instance, the baroque throve in Italy, Spain, Bavaria, Austria; not in England, France, northern Germany, or Scandinavia. Thus the unity of German culture is shown to be a myth, except in the linguistic field. Pevsner's interpretation is that the implications of the baroque are Roman Catholic: the Protestant North rejected them. And he adds, "One should include here the France of the Gallicans, Jansenists, and Encyclopedists." A profound truth, and too often overlooked. Was there ever a more thorough "Protestant" than Voltaire?

It is impossible to discuss the details of a work so highly condensed. In the narrow fields within my competence I could detect a few flaws: the references of St. Gervais and the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, for instance, are misleading. But the scholarship, although not infallible, is sound. There are two terms upon which Pevsner insists and which I am inclined to challenge—*mannerism,* in a definite historical sense, and the baroque. By mannerism he means the art that followed, and mingled with, the High Renaissance: "unbalanced, discordant, now emotional to distortion, now disciplined to self-effacement." This seems to me a catalogue of faults rather than the definition of a style, a school, or a period; and he admits that there were High Renaissance, mannerist, and baroque elements in Michael Angelo himself. The same objection could be raised against the German use of the term baroque, now gaining ground in the English-speaking world. The baroque is not a style in itself but a distortion, a tendency to the theatrical. It may lead to great achievements. I have a special, perhaps a perverse, fondness for Bernini, the Churrigueresco, and the chapel of St. John Nepomuk in Dresden. The theatrical is perfectly fit for the theater, and Garnier's neo-baroque Opéra is a masterpiece of its kind. The French, as was already said, rejected the baroque almost *in toto*: to call the colonnade of the Louvre or even St Sulpice baroque would be ludicrous. Theatricality is frequently, although not invariably, a token of decadence. People assert themselves in vociferation and gesticulation when their faith in themselves needs a dose of heroin. Late Hellenistic and Flamboyant Gothic were both baroque styles.

In his last chapter Pevsner condemns—as who does not?—the eclecticism of the nineteenth century. Victorian architects picked out styles for their associational values, just as painters chose

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subjects for the "story" they told. But you cannot get altogether away from the "associational." It is a merit in a church to look and feel like a church. Whenever tradition is a factor, a traditional idiom is justified. The faith taught in St. John the Divine is not a 1949 model.

Pevsner extends the scope of architecture from the single building, or the single ensemble, to city planning and regional planning. No doubt a healthy habitat is a prime necessity: *primo vivere*. But it is not art, or even the pathway to art. Art is a luxury. We are probably not rich enough to afford at the same time war preparations, advertising, competition, and good architecture. We have to choose between luxuries. In our minds beauty—if not marketable—is waste, but billboards and soap operas are not.

Pevsner is still hankering after the totalitarian dream of cultural unity. "An atomized society," he says, "cannot have an architectural style." Instead of "atomized," read "pluralistic" or "liberal." Such a society cannot have one style; it must have many. Why not? Why deprive ourselves of the benefit of "associations"? Why should all architects at a given time all solve the same problem in the same way? Above all, why should there be a single code for church, palace, department store, school, residence, factory? In these last pages Pevsner follows docilely the party line of conventional modernism; he is "in style" with the prevailing fashion. But the rest of his book is written in an entirely different spirit—the work of a true artist who is also a historian. It must be added that the book reads well, and is admirably illustrated—100 very neat line drawings in the text and 104 plates at the end.

ALBERT GUERARD

Shadow and Reality

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Randall Stewart. Yale University Press. $4.

TRYING to bring into focus my reaction to Mr. Stewart's picture of Hawthorne, I am surprised to find plumped squarely in front of the novelist, ever so engagingly and vibrantly blotting him out—she is looking at him fondly—the infrangible figure of his wife Sophie. She is saying: "I am in Rome, Rome, *Rome*! I have stood in the Forum and beneath the Arch of Titus, at the end of the Sacra Via. I have wandered about the Coliseum, the stupendous grandeur of which equals my dream and hope." She goes on about Portugal where she "did not find it at all embarrassing to be in private audience with two Kings. . . ." Meanwhile Hawthorne—he is there, too, I know—looks ordinary, patient, undisturbed, and uncommunicative.

Certainly that was not Mr. Stewart's intention, any more than it was my expectation that the editor of Hawthorne's American and English Notebooks would not take a better picture of their author. The biography is disappointing. No substantial image of Hawthorne materializes. The pages covering his travels abroad—more than a fourth of the book—are excellent. But the Hawthorne of those six years—who had fought through to a functioning equilibrium of once blindly contending elements—is so superficially related to the younger Hawthorne, especially of the crucial Salem years, that I felt Mr. Stewart was embarrassed when he was forced at the end to describe his subject's nervous collapse and death.

There is of course a great deal more autobiographical material for the later than for the earlier years; yet the biographer must commit himself concerning the earlier years if he is to arrive at any unified interpretation of Hawthorne. Mr. Stewart's decision to keep as close as possible to verifiable facts in order to avoid the too fanciful portraits of other writers on Hawthorne earns one's respect, but only until one discovers that he does none the less interpret the facts—even though he does so only by means of the negative academic method of

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exclusion, oversimplification, and superficial generalization. Indeed, interpretation is inevitable; few facts in anyone's life can escape it. No matter how timid the biographer may be before the facts, no matter how disarmingly objective their selection and presentation, selection and presentation are interpretation.

The chapters on the European travels reveal perhaps the grounds of the caution. They are the best in the book not merely because they are more fully documented than the others, or because they are written in a livelier fashion, but because they present the active and public rather than the introspective and solitary Hawthorne. Mr. Stewart feels more at home with the active and public Hawthorne. For instance, in the seventeen-page chapter on the Solitary Years from 1825 to 1837—the Salem years—Mr. Stewart, while limiting himself to facts, is very careful to point out, after quoting several items from the Journals of expeditions from Salem: "A morbid solitariness is hardly compatible with such mobility." The Journal entries are: "I rode to Boston in the afternoon with Mr. Procter. A drive to Nahant yesterday afternoon. A drive to Ipswich with Bridge." To be mobile is not to be solitary, then. Or at any rate Hawthorne must be reduced to the unreality of the normal American delusion. So Hawthorne played with other boys (although perhaps not as much as he should have); and when he was twelve: "The entry 'Swapped pocket-knives with Robinson Cook yesterday' is evidence of normal behavior." No attempt is made to include or to examine important facts concerning his relations with his family, especially with his mother. Apparently, if Hawthorne was normal, Mr. Stewart may have been forced to admit that his mother was not. As for Hawthorne's reason for joining Brook Farm: "His reason for doing so was the hope that membership in Brook Farm would provide the means of supporting a wife." A very normal reason—a stupid one too, but normal. Who's protecting whose normality and why?

In his edition of the American Notebooks Mr. Stewart says: "A subject which finds repeated and insistent treatment in Hawthorne's works is the isolation of the individual from his fellows. It is certain that this theme bears a closer relation than any other to the author's own life." The biographer is more cautious than the editor.

The last chapter is devoted to a painstaking and interesting examination of the main themes and motifs in Hawthorne's novels and stories. (The quotations are well chosen, as they are throughout the book.) Although a more serious attempt is made to integrate the antitheses in his works than in his life, the evidence is not followed through to its conclusion. For example, Mr. Stewart offers evidence to show that "the two poles of human relations, to Hawthorne, were cold aloofness and a warm sympathy"—or art and life. It is a central opposition in Hawthorne (seclusion-communion), and one of the many reverberations of a struggle between the analytical mind and unformable subliminal impulses. It is also the antithesis between cold calculated art and warm instinctive life, or, in his own terms, between "till the heart be touched" and the intellectualized heart, which as the withered heart reappears as one of the main themes of contemporary literature. Yet Mr. Stewart concludes, in a cozy non-sequitur: "If he felt an incompatibility between the affections and the austere devotion to his craft, he was able to put aside the craft long enough to warm his heart at the domestic fireside." Sophie again.

The main problem in writing about Hawthorne is to reconcile the man who wrote Pierce's campaign biography, the customs clerk and the consul, the fond husband and father, with the man who created Donatello's ears and Hester's "A," the man continually torn between shadow and reality, who hated the mere intellect and was compelled to write down everything he saw and did and thought as if only expressed reality were real. In Mr. Stewart's endeavor to play down the morbid Hawthorne, he has ended with two men—that is, with none. No, Hawthorne plunged beneath the normal surface to the chilling depths below—which his biographer must explore if he is to find him.

H. P. LAZARUS

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE left-wing farce seems to be establishing itself as a new genre. To date the most successful examples have been, of course, "State of the Union" and "Born Yesterday," but there is a new one called "Goodbye, My Fancy" (Morosco Theater) which seems — unfortunately in my opinion — to model itself rather more after the first than after the second of the archetypes. Inasmuch as I shall be compelled to say that I found it both less than hilarious as farce and more than dubious as doctrine, it is only fair to state at the beginning that audiences seem to disagree with me on both points and that the play appears set for a long run. By way of preliminary I shall give two specimens of the wit. A pensée which didn't seem to get much reaction was: "Anyone can get to Congress these days; the thing that really counts is what you do after you get there." A wisecrack which got a tumultuous response was: "I hate *Life* photographers; they are always trying to catch you when you are picking your nose."

A preliminary notice in the daily press described the heroine as a sort of left-wing Clare Luce. Even if the comparison were more accurate then it is, it would still leave wide open the question whether or not that is what liberalism really needs—and after watching her operate I am inclined to answer in the negative. Agatha Reed is a Congresswoman who had previously been a whiz as a correspondent in Spain and other crucial places. She is described by an admiring photographer as the only woman he had ever known who could spend an afternoon up to her neck in the mud of a shell hole and then at the evening poker session make every male present wonder what she would be like in bed. This puts sex appeal squarely on the side of the angels and makes our heroine a very modern com-

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bination of Amber Whatshername and Joan of Arc, but one's doubts concerning the possible limitations of such a phenomenon as a savior of the world are increased rather than diminished by her behavior in the course of the play. Incidentally, Madeleine Carroll, who plays the role, has a good deal of rather innocent prettiness and charm but seems rather more like a heroine out of Barrie than out of Hemingway, and she manages to summon nothing to suggest her political earnestness except the rather mechanical delivery of the few references to current issues supplied her by the text.

The action of the play takes place in a small Connecticut college for women, the atmosphere of which is, by the way, strictly according to the musical-comedy tradition which presents most of any faculty as frustrated nitwits and most of the students as backward children. Agatha Reed breezes in to get an honorary degree from her Alma Mater and after a few minutes of sentimental revery discovers that things are in a very bad way indeed. First she lashes at and then brings crawling to her feet the tired radical of a physics professor who had spoken out against the atom bomb but given up the fight when he found himself unpopular. She then blackmails the president into taking a stand for free speech and breezes out again to resume an interrupted love affair with the *Life* photographer, who is played by Sam Wanamaker as such a smugly assured tough-guy-with-a-left-wing-conscience that he makes, by comparison, the capitalist trustee seem a rather modest and attractive fellow. The implication of the whole thing seems to be that all this sad world really needs is a few more sexy women willing to use their power unscrupulously in the right direction. And while we are on the subject of the acting, it might be added that Shirley Booth does a good standardized version of a hard-bitten secretary who is just as high-minded as the heroine but is compelled regretfully to realize that since nobody wants to go to bed with her she cannot hope to be a very effective force for good.

If I seem to be taking all this too seriously, I can only assure any interested party that the play obviously asks to be taken very seriously, indeed. The central incident is this. Our Congresswoman has brought along an anti-war movie. The leading trustee objects, and the college president yields. Thereupon the heroine tells the president that unless he backs her up she will ruin his career by telling the world that he was the man with whom she once stayed out all night and who was therefore responsible for her expulsion from the college now honoring her. He agrees; the movie is shown; he does not lose his job; and thus the great cause of free speech is served.

Now it seemed to me at the moment that the method was rather dubious and the victory rather hollow, but I was willing to assume simply that the author, being committed to a farce, did not think it necessary to examine motives too precisely. A few minutes later, however, he gave the heroine a line which makes it quite clear that he was not employing an easy device but preaching a doctrine. "Never play fair with an opponent," she says, "unless you respect him." Somehow I had always assumed that one played fair out of respect for oneself, not out of respect for one's opponent, but that I suppose is a bourgeois folly. And since I am quite sure that the real left wing does not respect me, I am grateful for the warning of what I should expect. At least the real Machiavelli had the good sense to recommend that the seeker for power should profess a devotion to honor as great as his actual disregard for it.

Those of my readers who have very long memories may recall that two weeks ago I commented on "Set My People Free" as a play in which the conflict between honor and revolutionary "realism" was interestingly suggested. The author of the present play seems to see no conflict involved. In fact, I found the cocky assumption that the audience would also see none genuinely alarming.

Films

ANTHONY BOWER

SACHA GUITRY, who in his time has portrayed on stage and screen almost every distinguished crowned head of Europe, is now to be seen as Napoleon. In "Mlle Désirée" he gives us one of his peculiarly slanted versions of history in which everything takes place on the *ooh la la les femmes*, or even sport-

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ing-house, level. The first half of this film shows M. Guitry as an urbane commentator, that excellent actor Jean-Louis Barrault as the young Napoleon—lost to the audience behind a straggling wig and a permanent expression of pained romanticism—and the fifth, now ex-Mme Guitry as Désirée Clary, the pretty little minx from Marseilles who captured Napoleon's heart and held it until he was bewitched by Josephine de Beauharnais and married her—a blow to Désirée's pride from which she never recovered and which made her swear to avenge herself. Her first step in this direction is to marry Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals who shares her vengeful feelings about him. At this point M. Guitry gets even more intimate, introduces us to the set designer, the camera man—though why *he* wants to show his face is a puzzle—and the wardrobe mistress, asks Jean-Louis Barrault to be kind enough to let him play his role, and a moment later appears as Napoleon—with Gaby Morlay replacing ex-Mme Guitry as Désirée.

In that there is little indication in the history books that Désirée ever succeeded in doing much toward encompassing Napoleon's downfall, her plottings and comings and goings between Stockholm, where Bernadotte is now installed as king, and Paris have little dramatic suspense. The story hobbles painfully along through Napoleon's death to the eventual installation of his body in the Invalides—an act for which Désirée's forgiving heart is given credit. M. Guitry is still a wonderfully skilful actor, and both his commentary and the dialogue have his uniquely witty and compressed style, but the structure on which he has hung his pretty baubles is highly unstable, and the film, photographed as it is in settings reminiscent of a second-rate Parisian hotel, has a shoddy and very false atmosphere.

"Four Steps in the Clouds" can best be described as a version of "It Happened One Night" in the contemporary Italian film vein. There is a chance boy-and-girl meeting in a bus, a night in a communal and unsanctified bedroom, and an unhappy ending. Faithful to the ingredients that have made Italian films successful in this country, this rather flat-footed comedy provides some down-to-earth realism by burdening the hero with a vixen wife, making the heroine an unmarried mother-to-be, and the minor characters eccentric but credible. It may be laudable to attempt to inject the serious into the comic, but Hollywood seems to be able to handle this sort of film better than the Italians.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

ARTHUR GOLD and Robert Fitzdale do the finest — the most musically sensitive, the most perfectly executed — two-piano playing I have heard since Gabrilowitsch and Bauer; and their intelligence is evident in the way they have chosen to get around the extreme limitations of the two-piano repertory: instead of playing transcriptions they have composers write new works for them. One of these that I heard them play recently at Town Hall was a Concerto for two pianos, winds, and percussion by Paul Bowles, which also got around the limitations of the two-piano medium. It was in effect a twentieth-century Divertimento made out of bits of popular music and jazz style, and quite diverting at times. Two other pieces—a Sonata by Marcelle de Manziarly and a Suite Champêtre by Rieti — contrive occasional two-piano cutenesses. And in addition there was one of the great two-piano classics—Mozart's Sonata K.448, which was played very beautifully in a tempo that I thought too fast.

I was going to say that Clifford Curzon's recorded performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.488 had not prepared me for what he did at the Frick Collection; but it occurred to me that the extreme of his under-playing in the concerto should have prepared me for the extremes in the Frick performances: the extremes of pace that wrecked Haydn's extraordinary Andante and Variations in F minor; the extreme of *affetuoso* style that was carried off more successfully in Schumann's fine and rarely heard G minor Sonata; and similar extravagances of pace and style in the Schubert Impromptus Opus 90—all but No. 1, the most beautiful of the set, and the one beautifully played piece of all I heard.

But it was Arturo Michelangeli who, in his performance of the first movement of Schumann's Piano Concerto with the New York Philharmonic, showed to what extremes wilful extravagance in changes of pace, in falsification of dynamics, in distortion of phrase and rhythm could be carried. Having said this I must say also that these things that were done to the music were done with an unfailing accuracy of execution and unfailing beauty of tone which proclaimed a rare mastery of the piano.

The beautiful music of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" came off best in the City Center performance conducted by Halasz—with Brenda Lewis, after a poor start, singing very well. Her dramatic realization of Tatiana also was excellent, and in fact the only solid achievement in the dramatic performance. The Komisarjevsky touch in this performance—the grotesquely stylized caricature of the seconds in the duel-scene—is so shockingly out of key that I am amazed Halasz hasn't exercised his authority as artistic director to eliminate it. And a disappointment this time were the dances, about which I had had expectations; but maybe they were as much as Balanchine could accomplish with the skimpy group of four couples whose reappearances got to be pathetically funny.

The pronunciation of Russian by the Americans in the cast was so poor this time as to be disturbing to anyone familiar with that language—which led someone to suggest that perhaps this was a work that should be sung in English. To this I answered that even more people would then be disturbed by the bad pronunciation of the English by the foreigners in the cast; and that since whatever language was used in opera was bound to be mispronounced by someone, the language might as well

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be the original Italian or German or Russian.

Another Koussevitzky-Boston Symphony contribution to the wonders of orchestral performance of the past twenty-five years that I referred to recently has been the performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony—dazzling in impetus and radiance, fabulous in lightness, sonority, and execution. RCA Victor has issued a new recording of it, made in Carnegie Hall (Set 1259, $4.75), to replace the one made about fourteen years ago. There is one striking difference in the new performance—a faster and better pace in the second movement; and the new recording reproduces distinctly certain miraculous details—like the woodwind flutters at the end of the first part of the third movement—which the old did not; but it is a surprise to hear how well the old version stands comparison with the new. The one defect in the new recording is the heavily rumbling bass; and surfaces are not quiet.

Another set (1264, $6) gives us beautiful performances by Beecham and his Royal Philharmonic of some pleasant out-of-the-way music of the eighteenth century: two overtures by Paisiello and Méhul, a Scherzo from the Handel-Beecham "Amaryllis" Suite, and the early, small-scale Symphony K.199 of Mozart, with some arresting moments in its slow movement. The performances are excellently reproduced; surfaces are not quiet.

Then Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," which begins well but gets feebly repetitious. It is well performed by the San Francisco Symphony under Monteux, and well reproduced (Set 1252, $3.50).

And finally Strauss's "Also sprach Zarathustra," with some fine pages, but many more poor ones, including some that are unsuccessfully ambitious and pretentious—like the opening. Except for the excessively lengthened upbeats in that opening Rodzinski's performance with the Chicago Symphony is good; and it is excellently reproduced.

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Europe, a Personal and Political Survey. By C. A. Alington. Scribner's. $4.

From the Heart of Europe. By F. O. Matthiessen. Oxford. $3.

Profile of Europe. By Sam Welles. Harper. $3.50.

The Character of England. Edited by Ernest Barker. Oxford. $10.

The Reign of Queen Victoria. By Hector Bolitho. Macmillan. $5.

England: A History of the Homeland. By Henry Hamilton. Edited by Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $6.

Socialist Britain. By Francis Williams. Viking. $3.

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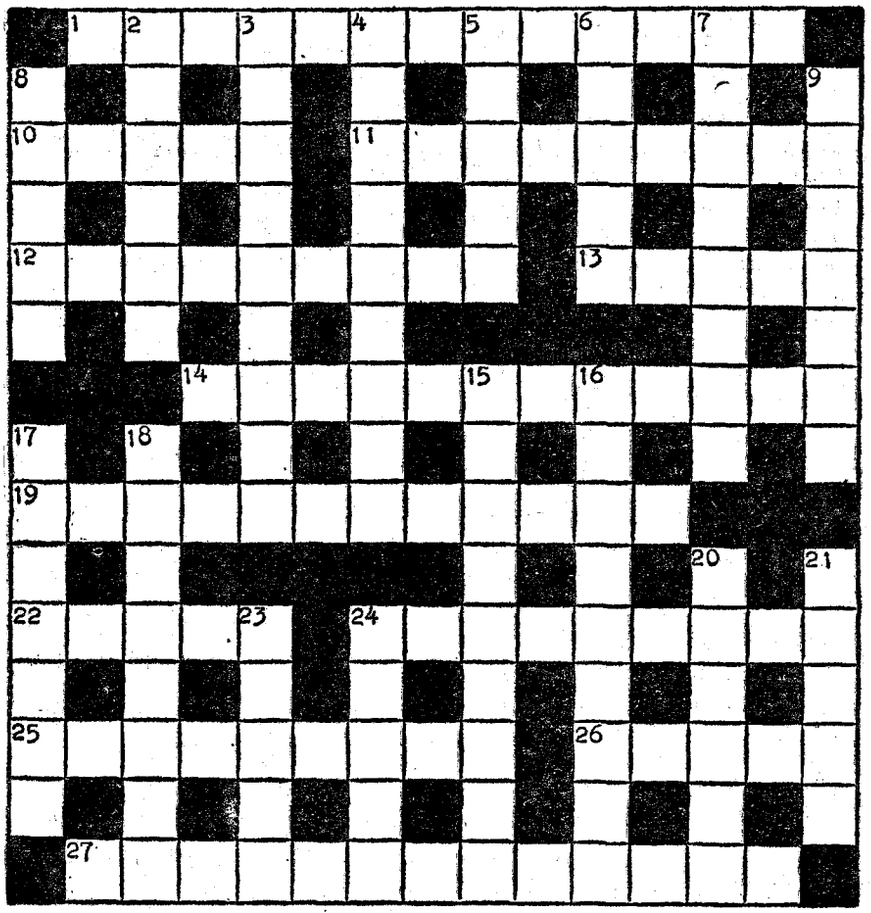
Crossword Puzzle No. 290

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A blonde found them out! (3, 5, 5,)
10 Gather and bake. (5)
11 Ancestors—sounding like one more than one? (9)
12 Not cleanliness, but next thing to it. (9)
13 A badgerlike animal might alter later. (5)
14 The *Salt Lake City* and the *Atlanta* should be! (7, 5)
19 The part of the sample that's easily irritated? (5, 7)
22 Rather highly strung, and gets the best of Rebecca. (5)
24 Between the stone and the iron. (6, 3)
25 You might find it a man or a lady-friend. (9)
26 The Yarn of this Bell deals with cannibalism. (5)
27 That which is cited prospers when felt in unison. (6, 2, 5)

DOWN

2 Rhoda and I are confused by the arrangement. (6) (hyphenated)
3 Current connections of the railroad? (9)
4 Would a good example of such a verb be *mirror?* (9)
5 Makes a sort of snare. (5)
6 The hot spell of several months? (5)
7 A famous dissertation might be taken as a matter of course. (5, 3)
8 An Indian's invocation to his sachem? (5)
9 Futile injunction of the economy-minded? (7)
15 Some stars are shot by it. (9)
16 Special emphasis for the anti-fascist and an addled Don. (9)
17 ℿ. (7)
18 Refrains from being what dens might be. (8)
20 Pa can't get his 40 winks! (3, 3)
21 He made the phrase "and so to bed" famous. (5)
23 George Eliot's was invisible. (5)
24 The sound of the charge? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 289

ACROSS:—1 PASTURE; 5 FRETTED; 9 UNAIDED; 10 THEREIN; 11 SUPEREROGATIONS; 12 CLASHES; 13 ECONOMY; 14 STREWED; 17 UNRAVEL; 20 COST ACCOUNTANTS; 21 BENCHED; 22 EN ROUTE; 23 DESIRED; 24 EASTERS.

DOWN:—1 PRUSSIC; 2 SCARPIA; 3 UNDER THE WEATHER; 4 ENDURES; 5 FATIGUE; 6 ELECTION RETURNS; 7 TREMOLO; 8 DYNASTY; 14 SICKBED; 15 RESENTS; 16 DECIDED; 17 UKULELE; 18 VENTURE; 19 LESSEPS.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

Letters to the Editors

Deep Are the Roots

Dear Sirs: While searching for items bearing on Aztec civilization I recently discovered a manuscript that might be of interest, even at this day. That portion of the MS. which is decipherable seems to be the text of an address by a president of the school board of Tenochtitlan (now Mexico City) to members of the board; the time appears to lie between the landing of Cortez and his arrival at Tenochtitlan. The fragment reads as follows:

Gentlemen: I have called you together today to discuss and, I trust, take appropriate action regarding a serious matter that has been brought to my attention by some reverend priests of our glorious temple. A book has been written in Spanish by one Hernán Cortez, and has been translated into Nahuatlan by his mistress, Marina, a compatriot of ours, I regret to say. This book not only is being sold in our bookstores, but has found its way into our school libraries, where it is being read and discussed by our children.

This book claims that it is wrong for us to make human sacrifices of our enemies as a gift to our gods. Incredible as it may seem to you, this book goes on to say that our subsequent dining on the remains of our enemies is an undesirable practice and should, this Cortez insists, be discontinued.

As you gentlemen know, we have a number of standards by which we arrive at a decision as to whether or not certain reading material should be permitted to be available to the young. One standard, in the form of a question, reads as follows: "Does the book contain any derogatory statements concerning racial or religious groups?" In the case of the Cortez book, I would answer this question with an emphatic Yes.

Unfortunately, at this point the MS. becomes so illegible as to make further translation impossible, and we can only guess at the action taken by the Tenochtitlan school board.

WALTER W. JUDELL

Milwaukee, November 22

Studying Chicago Writers

Dear Sirs: I am at present engaged, under a grant from the Newberry Library of Chicago, upon a study of literary activity in that city from about 1890 to about 1925. My particular interest is in writers who were affected in one way or another by the fluctuating currents of realism, especially Henry B. Fuller, I. K. Friedman, Hamlin Gar-

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land, Robert Herrick, Theodore Dreiser, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Ben Hecht, and Maxwell Bodenheim.

I would be very glad to hear from any of your readers who may have special knowledge of or documents pertaining to any of these persons or their works, or to any others of the very numerous figures of the Chicago literary world. I will be in New York City during December, and in Chicago after the first of the year. I will be more than happy to arrange for personal interviews with interested persons of those localities, who can write to me at the Department of English, Michigan State College, East Lansing.

BERNARD I. DUFFEY

East Lansing, Mich., November 24

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT GRAVES, English poet and novelist, is the author of many books, the latest being "The White Goddess."

STEPHEN SPENDER is the author of "Poems of Dedication," "Ruins and Visions," "European Witness," and other books.

RICHARD CHASE is a member of the English Department at Connecticut College.

OSBERT SITWELL has recently published "Laughter in the Next Room," the fourth volume of an autobiography. He is at present visiting this country.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., author of "The Age of Jackson," is associate professor of history at Harvard University.

S. LANE FAISON, JR., is a member of the Art Department of Williams College.

PAOLO MILANO, a member of the staff of Queens College, edited "The Portable Dante." His latest book, a study of Henry James's work, has just appeared in Italy.

ERNEST JONES is a member of the English Department at Queens College.

ALBERT GUERARD is the author of a number of books, including a volume on city planning called "The Future of Paris." He recently published his autobiography, "Personal Equation."

H. P. LAZARUS is a member of the English Department at the University of Michigan.

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